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1577ab



The Tudor Facsimile Texts





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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

King Darius

Date of First Known Edition, 1565

Date of this hitherto Unknown Edition, 1577

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1907

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

King Darius

AN HITHERTO (1906) UNKNOWN EDITION

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D24
1577ab

King Darius

The edition of this play now reproduced in facsimile was unknown in modern times until 1906, when, amongst three equally unknown editions of other plays, and three plays supposedly "lost," besides other rarities, a copy "turned up in an Irish country house." Brought to auction at Sotheby's in the same year, it realised £132, being bought for the nation by the Trustees of the British Museum. The press mark in the Catalogue is C 34, i. 21. An earlier, and presumedly the first edition, appeared in 1565, printed by T. Colwell (B.M. press mark C 34, b. 16). "King Darius" has been reprinted several times, but never before in facsimile. This colotype reproduction preserves, as far as may be, all the detail of the original.

A preaty new Enterlude, both pythie
and pleasaunt, of the story of King

Darius.

Being taken out of the thyrde and fourth

Chapter of the thyrde

Booke of Es-

dras.

The names of the Players.

The Prolocutor.

Iniquitie.	Charitie.
Importunitie.	Partialitie.
Equitie.	Darius King.
Agreeable.	Perplexitie.
Preparatus.	Curiositie.
Juda.	Persia.
Medey.	Aethyopia.
Constrancie.	Optimates.
Anagnostes.	Stipator pprimus.
Stipator secundus.	Zorobabell.

Six persons may easily play it.

Imprinted at London in flectestrete,
beneath the Conduite, at the sygne of
S. John Euangelist, by
Hugh Jackson.

Anno Domini. 1577.

Here beginneth the worthy Enterlude
of King Daryus.

¶ The Prologutor.



God people harken, and geue eare a while,
For of this Enterlude I wil declare the stile
As Authoures heretofore haue thought it
commodyous,

The whole summe of their matter before to discusse.

So hath our Authour thought it necessary,

By a Preface to declare this Commodity.

To tell the matter I will now begin,

A certayne King to you, we shall bring in.

Whose name was Daryus good and vertuous,

Of nature also both louing and curteous.

This King commaunded a feast to be made,

And at that bancket many people had.

These fyrst will I rehearse, Percia, and Media,

And then Iuda, and also Ethiopia.

These came to the Kinges Bancket,

And tooke such parte as before them was set.

With a glad mynde to that they were consented,

And after to their owne rooves retourned.

And when the King in counsaile was set,

Two Lordes commaunded he to be fet.

As concerning matters of thre yong men,

Which briefely shewed their fantasie then.

In wyrtinges their meanings, they did declare,

And to geue them to the King they did not spare.

One wyrt one thing, next the other,

A.ij.

But

The Story of King Darius.

But the thyde the truth aboue all other.
You shall heare anon how he is rewarded,
And also for his truth well contented.
As for the other, it goeth yll with them,
Because they dissembled lyke wicked men.
Now the Preface to you I haue declared,
And of it also the effect you haue heard.
Now silence I desyre you therefore,
For the Wyce is entring at the doore.

The Prologue goeth out, and Iniquity commeth in.

Iniquitie.

How, now my maisters, how goeth the world
I came gladly to talke with you. (now?
But soft, is there no body here,
Truly I doe not lyke this geare.
I thought I should haue found some body,
Let me looke better yet I pray ye.
I am mad now, to the sole of my fote,
And they were heare, I would lay them on the coate
A hoyseson knaues haue you thus me mocked,
Surely I will breake their head,
Come no neare it were for you best,
If you doe, it shall be for your virest.

Here entreth Charitie.

Charitie.

Hold thy hand I pray thee hartily,
Of Charitie be content I pray thee.

Iniquitie.

Thou wilt not fight I dare say,
Get thee away, or I will thee slay.

The Story of King Darius.

Ha thou knaue, who made thee so bolde?
Thou lookest lyke an auncient father and a olde.
Who made thee come into my dominyon?
Tell me one thing, how doth thy minyon?
I thinke surely it is a trim wench and a fayre,
How sayest thou? how lykest thou this geare?

¶ Charitie.

Thy communication I lyke not truely,
Nor at all I let not by thy flattery.
It is very folly that thou doest say,
Wen to trust in their mad fancies alway.
As for me, I trust God hath geuen me the grace,
All my enemyes clearly to de face.

¶ Iniquitie.

What arte thou called? thy name tell to me?

¶ Charitie.

My name I tell thee is Charitie,
Without the which no flesh can iustified be.

¶ Iniquitie.

Yea, truely thou arte an holy man,
As is betweene this and Buckingham.
I pray thee tel me, what meaneth this word charity?
Because thou doest make it so holy.

¶ Charitie.

Peace man thou arte brywyse,
Hence a good thought canst thou deuise,
For if thou couldest, thus thou wouldest not prate.

¶ Iniquitie.

Get thee away for thou shalt not be my mate.
I will haue a better fellowe then thou arte,
Or by you all I will not let a farte.

¶ Charitie.

God hath commaund one to loue an other,

A.ij.

Thy

The Story of King Darius.

Thy very enemy as thy owne brother,
It is euen Gods commaundement,
To loue our foes with a good intent.
And who so doth loue God aboue,
With vnfayned and pure loue.
And his neighbour as himselfe also,
Him will God prosper in wealth and wo.
For the Prophets requyre of vs no more,
But that a feruent loue we keepe in store.

¶ Iniquitie.

That I shall, I will keepe it fast.

¶ Charitie.

What wilt thou keepe? tell me in haste,
For I thinke thou arte a deceitfull person.

¶ Iniquitie.

How bad I should keepe my money least it were
And I made my purse so close and so harde, (gone,
That it will not be lost, thye halfepeece I will lea-
No, no, it will not come out agayne. (uarde.

¶ Charitie.

O false Iniquity I tell thee playne,
That God will thee surely destroye,
Without other fauour or merce.
Easier will it be I doe tell thee,
For a Sable roape to enter into a Needles eye,
Then for an vnrighteous and wicked man I tel thee
To enter into heauen at any tyme verily.
Therefore thy folly doe not vpholde,
But it to leaue, be thou bolde.

¶ Iniquitie.

Be bolde it were not best for thee,
To make any prating here at mee,
Therefore get thee quickly away,

The Story of King Darius.

O, with my dagger I will thee slay.

¶ Charitie.

Thy wordes are nought and very foolish,
I doe not at all regarde them doubtlesse,
Ah wicked enemy, thou speakest lyke a foole.

¶ Iniquitie.

Syr, who is there that hath a stoole?
I will buy it for this Gentleman,
If you will take money, come as fast as you can.

¶ Charitie.

I doe not lyke verrily thy company,
It were best for me to goe from thee.
This loue that we haue, ought to be so pure,
On Justice grounded and on fayth sure.
But the loue that in thee doeth appeare,
Is not worth the valure of a heire.
Seemeth it naue so much worthy prayse,
In mens sight, yet is it to our owne decayes.
It is abhomyable before God truelye,
And not at all of him esteemed I tell thee.

¶ Iniquitie.

By my troth here is a good spoote,
That thou hast made of me such a reporte.
Thou ho:son knaue get thee awayne,
Or I will deceaue thee with my subtiltie I say,
If thou go not hence to thee it will be death,
For in me is neyther trust nor fayth.

¶ Charitie.

I thinke thou doest thinke as thou doest say,
For by thy workes it doth appeare alway,
That thou doest neuer God regard.

A. iij.

Thy

The Story of King Darius.

Thy nature appeareth to be so harde,
O wicked fiend and full of yll,
With mischief and flattery thou doste me fill,
Saynt Paule to the Romaynes doth declare,
To tell the sentence I will not spare,
Quis quiete siue charitate viuere potest,
In few wordes it is exprest,
If out of their place hilles I could moue,
I were nothing if I had no loue.
If to feede the poore, also my goods I did bestow,
Had I no charity, I were not worth a straw.
By lone are we known to be,
The Children of Christ in his deitie.
Therefore thou Iniquitie get thee hence,

Iniquitie.

Ray first I will thee recompence.
It were best for thee hence to be gone,
Or surely I will make thee grone.

Charitie.

Saint James also in his Epistle hath this,
Who is a friend of the world, the enemy of God is.
Saint Paule also to the Romaynes declareth,
That he that is without loue and fayth,
Can neuer come to the Kingdome of God.

Iniquitie.

Ray then I sweare by this Roode,
It were not best for thee to tarry,
For if thou doe I will slaye thee truly.

Charitie.

This thy prating shall not make me cease,
It were best for thee to holde thy peace,
And obay that which I haue sayd,

And

The Story of King Darius.

And from these preceptes doe not hyde,
By these bayne gabodes doe not set,
For no profyte of them at all shalt thou get.

C Iniquitie.

What hast thou to doe with that, thou old Knaue?
Get thee away betimes, or no grace thou shalt haue.

C Charitie.

O dissembling and flattering generation,
God will you destroy, O wicked nation.
In mouth you professe Gods holy name,
But in your thoughtes you sure abuse the same.
Well because thou arte an vngodly person,
I will from thee away be gone. And goeth out.

C Iniquitie.

Ha, ha, ha, is it euen so,
By my troth syr, I am as glad as you.
For at no rest at all could I be,
Whylst thou was heare with mee,
Farewell Peeter blow bowle, I may well call thee.
I maruayle who they be I see comming heare,
By the mouse foote I charge you to appeare.
May then I must needes make me ready,
Or with me it will go wrong truly.

Here Importunity and Partiality enter.
When one blow cometh on this syde, another on that
But I trow I ca feare the Knaues w my Gramans
Pusse, pusse, where are thou come away? (eat,

C Importunitie.

Peace man be of good cheare I say,
Thinkest thou we with thee will fight,
No that we will not, I sweare by this light.

Partialitie.

B. j.

why

The Story of King Darius.

Why did he thinke we would doe so?
No man we will not I warrand you,
But who was it that was here of late.

Iniquitie.

And wilt thou needes know, it was such a mate
As I could not finde betwecne this and Hell,
It is no lye that I thee tell.
He did here so on me rayle,
But I thinke I gaue him a blow with a fortayle,
So he was gone quickly from me,
He durst not tarry no longer in my companie.

Importunitie.

Thou didst serue him well, I sweare by this bread,
Thou shouldest haue payde him about the head.
I would I had him here for his sake,
I would haue made him chanelles to rake.

Parcialitie.

What was his name? I pray thee tell me?

Iniquitie.

His name was mayster Charitie.

Parcialitie.

If I had bene here I tell thee ywisse,
I would surely haue made him to pisse.
I heard say he was such a Clarke,
Which would haue made my conscience very darke
But tell me how didst thou dyue him away?

Iniquitie.

Yes yes, I did well ynough,
I made the knaue get his liuing by the plough.
Where he had one word, I had halfe a score,
Pea, and there had bene a few more,
With the knaue, had I this communication.

That

The Story of King Darius.

That at last I made a Proclamacion.
That if any were found within my cure,
Which to Iniquitye and falshoode would not allure.
The same should dye without any remedy,
The Knaue harde that, and got him away quickly.
Thus did I handle the Knaue,
That no mercy at all of me could he haue.

¶ Importunitie.

Mary and thou didst serue him well,
Where is he now? I pray thee canst thou tell?

¶ Iniquitie.

I thinke he be gone now to Hell,
I care not where he be, so he come no more heere,
How sayest thou Knaue, how lykest thou this geere?

¶ Partialitie.

By my troth this geare doth me well please,
When thou hast him, let him be at no case.

¶ Iniquitie.

I will rappe him thus vpon the bones,
And will make him very soze grone.
But I pray thee tell me, what is thy name.

¶ Importunitie.

Importunitie is the very same,
Perwes I doe bring hyther for aduantage,
And to tell lyes for lucre, is my common vlage.

¶ Partialitie.

Hea I warrant thee he is such a fellow,
As is not hence to Peeterborow.

¶ Iniquitie.

Tell thy name I pray thee vnto me,

¶ Partialitie.

Syr my name is Partialitie,
To handle the Knaue I will be bold,

I will make that his harte shall be soone very colde.

C Iniquitie.

Of truth you two are such honest men,
As is not betwixt this and Hell then.
But I pray thee what newes canst thou tell mee,
Will he come agayne, or no I pray thee?

C Importunitie.

Nay that he will not I dare say,
For if he doe, he were better nay.

C Partialitie.

What needest thou care so long as I am heere,
I will him handle doe thou not feare.
Blowes to geue him I will not spare,
He is lyke if he come, full ill to fare.

C Iniquitie.

(vauntes,

what neede I care as long as I haue such ser-
To defend me from the cruelty of that Tyrant,
I warrant you my men diligent be,
That pylliburnd knaue for to destroy.

C Partialitie.

Dea I warrant thee, doe thou not feare,
We will him so handle, he shall not feare.
We will him in our snares trappe,
And him with a Fortayle we will flappe.

C Importunitie.

Dea and also I will doe my parte,
And will surely put him to smarte.
I warrant thee I will vex him full sope,
That he shall prate here no moze.

C Iniquitie.

Dea by God and well sayd, I can you thanke,
And he be thus handled, with him it will be blanke.

Ha,

The Story of King Darius.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, surely I must smile,
To see how these the knave will defyle.
You are two as drunken knaves,
As are betweene this and your owne shins, so God

CPartialitie.

(me saue

why Iniquitie, what doest thou say?

CIniquitie.

I sayd ye were two honest men by my say,
But surely I did not so thinke,
So that I did not I sweare by this drinke.

CImportunitie.

Now thou arte disposed to iest,
Well Iniquitie I thinke it best,
To be gone out of thy company,
For heare thou doest with vs but dallye.

CPartialitie.

I warrant thee man it is not so,
Is it Iniquitie how say you?

CIniquitie.

Thou prating foole hold thy peace,
Or to lay thee on the coate I will not seace.
I think thou knowest not to whom thou doest speak,
I sayth you knave, I will make you a peak,
If you hozson I will ray you on the skull,

CImportunitie.

May be content I pray thee.

CIniquitie.

May that I will not verily.

CPartialitie.

I pray thee friend hold thy hande,
Thou foole canst thou not still stande.

B. iij.

Iniquitie.

The Story of King Darius.

Iniquitie.

But sirs I pray you who is he,
That entreth hereby.

Equitie entreth.

Parcialitie.

Truely I doe see the same,
Enquire (I pray thee) what is his name.

Importunitie.

What is thy name friend tell me?

Equitie.

My name I tell you is Equitie,
He which doth it obtayne, blessed shall be.

Iniquitie.

Who, haue we more blessed come to the towne,
Thou mayst go meddle of clowting thy gowne.
With vs thou hast nothing to doe.

Importunitie.

No he hath nothing to lay vs vnto,
Therefore he were best to hold his peace.

Equitie.

This shall not make me to cease,
But more and more it shall geue me a corage,
To speake agaynst your euill blage,
Your flattering, your whozdoome, and wicked actes,
Your maliciousnesse and euill factes.

Importunitie.

(Doone,

May and we haue this a doe, we shall neuer haue
Thou hozson knaue, get thee to cloute thy shoone.

Iniquitie.

May he shall haue a better office then that,
He shall go play with my mothers Pussecat.

Parcialitie.

May that is to good for such a knaue,

The Story of King Darius.

It were pittye that he that office shoud haue,
If you will be ruled by my counsell,
Let him go puddinges for to sell.

¶ Iniquitie.

May then he will beguile his mother,
Whylst he selleth one, he will eate another.

¶ Equitie.

Well though you doe trespasse with vs thus,
It will be to your own damnation ywis.
A brother of mine was here as I heard say,
But with your folly you did dyue him away.
So I thought it good hyther for to come,
To turne you from your error, O ye people domine.
Without knowledge or vnderstanding,
And yet so deceitfull in wicked working.
Saynt Paule to the Romaynes doth testifie,
That that thing that springeth not of Equitie,
Is cleane damnation, and sinne it selfe,
And no remedy at all can there be found you to helpe
If that with sinne you be once intangled,
From it you will neuer be conuerted,
For the eyes of God, sayeth the Prophete Ieremie,
Doth alwayes behold iustice and Equitie.
Therefore repent, and clayme sayth for your owne.

¶ Iniquitie.

Get thee away or I will make thee to grone.
May if we suffer thee to prate heere,
With vs wrong will go this geere.

¶ Importunitie.

May that it will, I tell thee truly,
Some meanes must we fynde to dyue him away.
B. iiii. Partialtye.

The Story of King Darius.

CPartialitie.

With vs it will be wrong, if we suffer him thus,
Therefore he shall be handled more cruelly of vs.
We will keepe him so straight in our bands,
That he shall not be able at vs to stretch his handes.

CImportunitie.

I will set him packing if he will not hence,
I shal so handle him, he shall not be worth a couple of

CIniquitie.

(pence.

And I my self will doe my parte,
I will surely put the knaue to smarte,
If he will not goe hence by fayre meanes,
He is lyke at all to haue no gaynes.
Therefore friend departe anone,
Say thou haste warning, and get thee away soone.

CEquitie.

Yet for this I will not departe.

CIniquitie.

Wilt thou not, then will I pierce thee to the harte.

CEquitie.

Leaue thy great folly gentle friend,
And the wayes of God in thy doinges pretend,
Secke God and on his name call,
And to his mercy and grace alway fall.
And then God will surely preserve thee,
If thou for mercy to him wilt flee.
God hath commaunded thee to loue in harte,
All such as secke thy soule to peruerter.
What arte thou called I pray thee hartly?

CIniquitie,

And wylte thou needes know, I am Iniquitie,
What hast thou to say vnto me.

The Story of King Darius.

If many wordes to me thou doest make,
I will rappe my dagger about thy pate.

¶ Partialitie.

Bea spare him not if he were a king,
Let him haue as good as he doth bring.

¶ Importunitie.

Make thy dagger bright and sharpe,
And then put the knaue to smarte.

¶ Iniquitie.

How sayest thou friend, wilt thou get thee hence,
And thou wilt not, I will thee well recompence.
Therefore pack whylst thou may.

¶ Equitie.

Tush, all this shall not dyue me away,
A lyttle more yet with you will I talke,
Or out of this place I doe walke.
Good thoughtes by fayth we doe obtayne,
And by fayth we get our profyte and gayne.
Throughe fayth so many as doe beleene,
Prosperous thoughtes God will them giue.
As in the booke of wyldome we do reede,
That the Lord looketh vpon fayth, and beholdeth it

¶ Partialitie.

(in deede

Well then thou wilt not get thee away,
Surely if thou wilt not, I will thee slay.

¶ Equitie.

Get away I will not goe,
I haue a little more to say vnto you,
Wyde in you is so ryfe,
Whoredome, crueltie, and also stryfe,
God doth alway them resyst,
That be proud, and to smite them he doth not mysse.

C. j.

Thys

The Story of King Darius.

Thys sentence in Ecclesiasticus is,
That God bringeth the prowde to nought,
And the humble man he hath out sought.
In the same place also he hath declared,
That God burihtious men doth not regarde,
He shall be fylled with cursynges many,
That to it will cleane and sticke verily.
In Genesis also it is found,
That our body is but very dong,
Who then will make so much of a bayue thing,
Seing in this world it hath no taryng.
In the Proverbes also found the same sentence is,
That the bewty of our carcasse but bayne and but-
If any thing we haue that is good, (tle is.
It comuncth by God, and not by our noble blood.
Why doe you then, O you Tyrantes,
Wost of these your cruell applyauntes.
As though you had not receiued it of Christ,
Of whome ye did receiue, O ye shall neuer be blist.

Eniquitie.

Here is such a knaue I thinke verily,
He will not away tyll I canias him well fauoredly.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I must needes laugh,
Get thee away knaue, and go draw the plough.
Well I perceaue there is no remeddy,
If I doe not bestyre my selfe, I shall decay.
Well friend, now will I trye a fytt with thee,
What fence hast thou, I pray thee tell me.
I beleue thou canst not defende this blow,
For this neyther I trow.

Equitie.

In such bayne gawdes I doe not delight,
Neyther

The Story of King Darius.

Peether by day nor yet by night,
Get thee away thou false Iniquity,
Or I will surely shunne thy company.

C Partialitie.

Why, doth he here thus skolde,
Get thee away thou hoieson Cockkolde.

C Iniquitie.

He will not away till I set him hence,
So get thee home, and talke with thy wench.

C Importunitie.

In your doinges you are not wyle,
You sometime strayght way agaynst him deuyle.
Or else all will not be worth a straw.

C Iniquitie.

Get thee away thou hoieson daw.

C Equitie.

O ye fonde and ignorant nation,
O deceitfull and wicked generation.
Here you scoyne and mocke, whome God hath sente,
You care not at all for any punishment.
Dooze people you deceiue with guyles,
Doling Gods flocke by your wy'es.
Into eternall fyre prepared is your way,
And also theirs that God doth not obey,
You haue obtayned your owne damnation,
And for you at all there is no saluation.
Except from your actes you doe turne,
For to much agaynst Gods word you spurne,
How will you aunswere in the day of iudgement,
Without you take heede, and your sinnes repent.
Except in tyme you doe conuarte,
For you there is ordayned a cruell smarte.

C.ij.

C Partialitie.

The Story of King Darius.

¶ Partialitie.

Why? loe, if you thus doe him suffer,
He will prate agaynst vs more and more,
If I begin to take him in hand,
He shall feele a more cruell bande.

¶ Importunitie.

I pray thee let vs set him away,
Let him prate no longer I you pray.

¶ Equitie.

God hath (I trust) geuen me the grace,
All my enemies clearely to deface.
If he be on my syde, I care not for you all,
If you were .x. thousand more, both great and small.
For he will surely defende his flocke,
And saue them from your deryding mocke,
O flouting fooles, and ignorant,
Though you here now doe mock and play the foole,
It will be hereafter to the damnation of your soule,
You thinke your selues to be euen as God,
When you neither know him nor his rightfull rod.
O say you, we are cleare and free,
Our faultes who can them espye?
Yes, yes, God that sitteth aboue,
Doth marke them all as it doth him behoue.
He but with one twinkling of an eye,
Can spye them out if they were .x. tymes more then
Repent the refoze your faults betyme, (they be.
And mercy alway of God clayme.
Then he will preserue you like his owne children,
And saue you from the lake that burneth with brim-

¶ Iniquitie.

Ha, ha, this fellow is to good for me,

(stone.

One

The Story of King Darius.

One worde agayne him I dare not speake treuely.
He hath so many wordes in store,
Farewell, farewell, I haue neuer a one more.

C Partialitie.

Maye losse Iniquitie, away thou shalte not skip,
Till we haue drinen away this olde Heritike.
If I once bid thee agayne get thee away,
It shalbe thy death, if I may.

C Importunitie.

In dedde we haue suffered him to long to prate,
He is now so bolde, that agaynst vs he doth crake,
Get thee away, or I will lay thee on the pate.

C Equitie.

If you will not amend, it shall be so,
I will tarry no longer with you,
You will bring all to Hell;
That consent to your counsell,
Except they take heede:
You will so poyson them,
O you wicked men,
Repēt your acts with speede.

C Here he kneeleth
O Lord I hartily thee beseech, Downe & prayeth
Thy right hand to these sinners forth reach,
And pluck from them their maliciousnesse,
Their Papistrie and all their coustousnesse.
Giue to them a good and Godly minde,
In their heads thy commaundements fast binde,
Comerte them from their sinne,
That they doe wallow in,
And indue them with all:
Thy mercy, thy grace,
And let them haue the glasse,
Of mercy if they call.

C. iij.

C Iniquitie.

The Story of King Darius:

I Iniquitie.
Such another Godson I dare well say,
I had not betwene this and Candlemas day.
Gods blessing my sonne I doe thee giue,
Hold thee, keepe it, so long as thou doest liue.

Partialitie.
Why wilt thou blesse such a knaue as he is,
Neuer of me he should haue his blisse.

I Importunitie.
Nor of me neyther I sweare by this breade,
I thought surely by this tyme, he would haue bene
And you had bene ruled by me, (dead,
He should neuer seene this day,
Thou old knaue get thee away.

Equitie.
God I geue thee thanks,
That hast geuen me grace,
To flee these Tyrantes,
In good time and space.
Farewell I you bid,
Let your wayes be hid,
And say you haue warning,
Least it be,
For your payne truly,
And bitter mourning.
Repent in tyme, all that I haue sayd,
And looke that it be dilligently obayd.
For no longer can I tarry in your company,
You are so full of mallice and enuy. And goeth out.

I Iniquitie.
Ha, ha, lo maysters loe, now is he gone,
I thought surely he would not be gone till noone.

But

The Story of King Darius.

But the Knaue was glad to take his flighte,
He durst tarry no longer in my sighte.
By this may you know I was a bolde man,
But I would not haue tarryed if he had ventred me
Bat so manly vpon him I did looke, (vpon
That it was time his heeles that he tooke.

¶ Partialitie.

What is he flowne, when did he go tell me?

¶ Iniquities.

I suppose he is not a myle hence herely,
For his flight he did but take of late,
He is scant out of the Gate.

¶ Importunitie.

O good Lord it is a spoote I crowe,
That this Knaue is gone from you.
I thought he would not tarry long,
By the prating of his double tong.

¶ Iniquitie.

Now may I be bolde,
With Cuckoldry to holde,
And prety other geare:
I may play the Knaue,
Doll, pill, and shaue,
In me there is no feare.
Seeing I haue,
Made this shitten Knaue,
Which was with me so bolde,
I haue throwne downe,
And puld him by the crowne
And made him very colde.
I will feare no more,
Lyon, Bull, nor Boze,

The Story of King Darius.

If that they doe come heare:
But will them set a packing,
With my preatyeasting;
And put them to great feare.
I must my selfe bestyre,
In my great wrath and ire,
That they shall come no more:
Which haue me sore vexed,
And cruelly tormented,
By the masse it is full sore.

C Partialitie.

My friend Iniquitie, now we leaue you behynde,

C Iniquitie.

Let vs haue a song, to refresh our mynde.

C Importunitie.

In that will I consent to you gladly,
And to sing at all tymes I will be ready.

¶ The Song.

Let the knaues take heede,
If they Christes flock will feede,
What doth them withstande:
Or else they are lyke,
Neuer to hit thee prick,
Without God set to his hande.

For them we will prepare,
Such a trapping snare,
To catch them in our gin:
As the Cat the mouse,
Within the large broade house,
Where is roome ynough within.

The Story of King Darius.

If they will not beware
And take heede of our snare,
They are lyke full yll to fare,
To tell it we will not spare,
And who heareth we doe not care,
We will make them so bare,
As euer was the Hare.

¶ Importunitie.

Now friend farewell we must away,
For here we intende no longer to stay.

¶ Partialitie.

Most louing friend Iniquitye,
God haue you in his custody.

Importunitie and Partialitie go both out.

¶ Iniquitie.

Well now these knaues be gone,
Now am I poze soule left alone,
I may sit here and make my mone,
I must needes weepe.
But yet my teares I must needes keepe,
I cannot for shame let them come out,
If I doe, I shall dye without doubt,
No, no, I will keepe them in with a cloute.
Now I care not if I goe my waye,
I will no longer tarry here I say.
Hey lusty laddes, who can be moie merrier?
I thinke ynow can be moie soryer.
I liue at myne owne pleasure,
I haue euery thing at my owne measure.
To tarry here I doe not intende,
But apace away I will wende,
But shall I goe, yea truly I will be gone.

The Story of King Daryus.

I will tarry no longer by sweete S. Iohn,
Farewell my maysters I commit you to God all,
To saue you from the byting of the Lyon Ball.

Iniquitie goeth out, & the Kings two seruants enter.

Agreeable.

O Ur labour in bayne haue we lost,
For our Lords and King is not in this Cost.

Preparatus.

I pray thee hartily be not angry,
Because he is not in this entry.
He will be here anon as I suppose,
Surely my eyes sore misgoes,
If yonder I doe not see him comming.

Agreeable.

It should be he by the noyse making,
Thou haste made me now very glad,
Where before I was very sad.
It is I suppose verily,
Doe yonder come such a company.
Ponder he is with the Lordes of his Chyualry.

Preparatus.

Let vs sayne some fable of olde,
And to tell it the King be we bolde.
What was the cause we were here him before.

Agreeable.

That will I doe very gladly,
I consent to it with all my harte in my body,
The King with his counsell enter.
Lorde saue thy grace gentie King.

Preparatus

The Story of King Darius.

Preparatus.

We salute thee with much greeting.

King Darius.

What was the cause you came hyther so quickly.

Ambo.

We had a little busyness hytherward verily.

King Darius.

My Lordes seeing hyther we be comr,
We must consent to one thing, and see it be done.

Ambo Consulto.

What is it Syr that you do intend,
To vs declare I pray you your mynd,
And fulfilled without doubt it shall be.

King Darius.

A feast would I gladly make,
If the paynes with me you will take,
I intend to haue here of straungers a company.

Perplexitie.

Syr it shall be as you will,
We are content your mynd to fulfill.

Curiositie.

I will doe O King, as me shall behoue,
And from your preceptes I will not moue.

King Darius.

Then my seruantes come stand before me,
And hearken to that which I shall say to ye.
Let all thinges be prepared quickly,
Let all this be done without remedy.
See there lack nothing when they be heare,
And let them not spare to eate of this our cheare.

Preparatus.

Syr it shall be done, as you haue commaunded me.

D.ii.

And

The Story of King Daryus.

And from this your preceptes I will not flee.

¶ Agreeable.

In this also will I consent,
And will be ready to doe your commaundemente.

¶ King Darius.

Well goe forward and bring them hither,
And bid them all come together.

¶ Perplexitie.

By that tyme syr your place will be increast.

¶ Curiositye.

Syr your preceptes are all iust,
You may doe euen as you lust.

¶ King Daryus.

Well syrs go hence quickly,
And bid them come hyther with ye.

¶ Ambo.

Syr it shall be done as you haue sayde,
Your commaundement it shall be obeyde.

Preparatus and Agreeable go both out.

¶ King Darius.

Hye you and make much haste,
And bid them come of our fare to taste.
I suppose they will be heare by and by.

¶ Ambo Consulto.

Ponder commeth a great company.

¶ King Daryus.

Those be they, as farre as I can deeme,
Are they not, how thinke you then,
Well if they doe, welcome shall they be,
I would be glad to see them in my company,
Come in syrs and do not spare.

Perplexitie.

The Story of King Darius.

Perplexitie.

Come in, why doe you feare?

C Curiosity.

I warrant you, approach you neare,
Aethiopia, Percia, Iuda, and Media enter.

Aethiopia.

God saue thy grace gentle King.
I doe salute thee with much greeting.

Percia.

Iesu preserve thee alwaye,
And saue thee from thy Enemies for euer and aye.

Iuda.

O sweete King God saue thy grace,
And send thee might thy enemies to deface.

Media.

God geue thee of thy aduersaries the victory,
And defend thee from all mallice and enuy.

King Darius.

Welcome syz of truth you are,
To this our poore and symple fare,
But thank God and prayse his name,
Which to vs hath sent this same.

Perplexitie.

Sit do bone and make no more adoe,
And eate that which is set before you.

C Curiosity.

They sit do bone all.

Come thanke the King for the meates heare,
And to eate of them doe not you feare.

Media.

Syz we thanke you hartily,
To eate of them we will not spare I warrant you.

D.iii.

Aethiopia.

The Story of King Daryus.

Aethiopia.

The King and you also thanke we doe,
Which to this Bancket hath called vs to.

¶ Percia.

For this most hartly thankes we doe you giue,
And pray to God that long you may liue.

¶ Iuda.

We reuerence thee with fauour great,
For this thy foode and daynty meat.

¶ King Daryus.

Well eate and doe not spare,
But thanke the Lord for this his fare.

¶ Omnes.

We thanke him, and you also.

¶ Ambo consull.

Eate and make no more adoe.

¶ Omnes.

I warrant you, you neede not bid vs,
Here will none be lefte if we eate thus.

¶ King Daryus.

Care not for that, I pray you hartily,
But to eate it, I pray you doe not spare.

¶ Iuda.

They ryse from...

God reward thee three fold agayne,
Which thou hast here taken in payne.

¶ Aethiopia.

God double thy goods more and more,
And in thy neede sende thee great store.

¶ Percia.

Of Corne and Cattell he will thee increase,
And to multiplie thee hee will not cease.

¶ Media.

Thy selfe double surely, God will thee reward,

Seing

The Story of King Darius.

Seing to feede the pore thou hast had regard.

Curiositie.

Syns much good doe it you all,
Upon the king be you bolde to call.
If any tthing you lack, that he hath in store,
You shal haue it, all other before.

King Darius.

Pea be bolde to call vpon me,
In wealth or woe, or in your mysery,
For nothing of me you shall lack truly.

Connes

Syns we geue hartly thanks to you.

Juda.

Will you be gone out of this place?
Come I pray you, let vs go apace.

Percia.

We will be gone by and by, very gladly.

Aethiopia.

Then let vs goe and make no more ado.

Media.

In that also will I consent to you.

Connes.

God saue thy grace, and send thee long lyfe,
And saue thee euer from all stryfe.

Aethiopia, Percia, Juda, and Media, go all out.

King Darius.

God prosper your iorney, and send you good luck,
And from your enemies all you pluck.

Curiositye.

Lord what doe you now intende,

The Story of King Daryus.

Will you home to your owne Coast wende.

Perplexitie.

Syr it is best to be done so,
And we togyther will with you go.

King Daryus.

I will go with you very gladly,
With all the hart within my body.

They go out, and Iniquitie commeth in singing.

Iniquitie.

I A, sole, sole, fa, my, re, re,
I misse a note I dare well say,
I should haue bene low, when I was so hye,
I shall haue it right anon verily,
How now Mayster, how fare you now?
How doe you since I was last with you.
Where are these knaues, why doe they stay?
I belecue I see them conning their way.

Importunitie and Partialtie enter.

Come away and be nought a whyle,
O, surely I will you both defyle.

Partialtie.

Gramarcies my old friend Iniquitie.

Importunitie.

What Peter pinchyst, how goeth the world with

Iniquitie. (thee?)

What Iohn Coppermyth, other wyse called the
I perceaue by your communication, (Butterflie,
You sprang both of lyke foundation.

Importunitie.

No that we did not by the blessed Trinitie.

Partialtie.

The Story of King Darius.

Partialitie.

What doth he say? I pray thee tell me?

Importunitie.

He sayeth we came both of one issue,
No brother that did we not, I tell you.
Of no base Stocke were we borne,
Our fathers did neuer plow Corne.
They had more better linings then that,
When other lacked, they were very fat.

Partialitie.

My father y^e wisse, was of a noble blood,
And had great Landes, with all other good.
Cattell he had also, he was of such a fame,
To tell thee a lye, surely I were to blame.

Iniquitie.

May if you begin of your fathers to boast,
I will tell you where my father dwelleth, & in what
I thinke he came of as noble a blood, (coast.
As youres, and yet neyther of them good.
In Rome he dwelleth, that is his common place,
Where all other bow before his face.
All Nations to him doe obay,
And neuer agayne him a prowde word dare say.
I warrant you his Landes are very great,
He doth pole poze men, and liueth by their sweate.
He hath as much landes I warrant you,
As lyeth betwene this and Southhamton I tel you.
Euery house that standeth betweene this and that,
Are his, by my troth I say, I care not what.

Importunitie.

Thy father is not to be compared to myne,
Cruely I would I were of that kinne.

E. j.

3

The Story of King Darius.

I would surely spende the cloathes of my back,
Of that condicion I were of such another flock.

C Partialitie.

It is but a lye that he doth thee tell,
I warrant thee, and that I can tell.
Thinkest thou he coulde haue so much good,
Without he hath pouled Chystryan blood.

C Importunitie.

Why man, he sayd he was the Pope.

C Partialitie.

If he were here, I would hang him with a rope.

C Iniquitie.

Why doest thou my father dispraise?
Get thee away, or I will thee displease.

C Partialitie.

Why thou sayest the Pope is thy father.

C Iniquitie.

So good as he is, thou wilt be neuer.
All at his commaundement are,
And agaynst him, not moue they dare.
Tell me now, how doe you lyke him?
You thinke I was but of a base kin.
They knaue he will bring thee in awe,
And yet by him I doe not let a strawe.

C Importunitie.

A good chyld in the meane time thou arte.

C Iniquitie.

Tush; tush, I set not by him a farte.
But I pray thee, who is that I see heare,
He hath now put me to great feare.
I will begone, I will not tarry heare.

Importunitie.

The Story of King Darius.

CImportunitie.

May thou shalte not yet be gone,
Let him if he will, in hyther come.

Here entreth Equitie.

CPartialitie.

why it is he that was here before,
we had thou shouldest come here no more.

CEquitie.

Will not yet this geare be amended ?
Nor your sinfull actes corrected.
O false people, and ignorant sect,
Which to God at all hath no respect.
Will you forsake sinnes all at once,
In number they are more then the hayle stones.
Except you repent in tyme with speede,
God will you destroy in very deede.
In Ecclesiasticus this sentence is,
That God hath the proude in no reputation p'ois.
The lyke sentence, is in the Gospell of S. Luke,
That God putteth the proude to great rebuke.
He scattereth them that are proude of harte,
And in their pryde he will them peruart.
The Apostle Peeter, doth also reporte, (their part.
That God doth resist the proude, & will neuer take
He throweth down also the, that are of a hauty mind
And doth exalt the poze, that be pure and kind.
In Genesis it is briefely declared,
Of what mettle our body was made.
It was made of donge, the same place both expresse,
Also of earth and ashes it was made doubtlesse.
The bewty is but bayne of it.

C.ij.

CIniquitie.

The Story of King Darius.

Iniquitie. (my Pitt
Get thee away, or I will thrust thee through with
But tell me I pray thee, what is thy name?

Equitie.
Equitie syz, is the same.

Iniquitie.
Equitie, then neare kinsmen we be.

Equitie.
I disdayne to be acquaynted with thee.

Iniquitie.
A horse son, dost thou dispraise me?
That preposition In, is a pestilent fellow,
For it is that maketh this varyance betwene me and
My name is called Iniquitie, (you.
And thy name is called mayster Equitie.

Importunitie.
If that thou suffer him here to prate,
I will tarry no longer within this gate.

Partialitie.
I will tarry no longer with thee,
Farewell my olde friend Iniquitie.

Iniquitie. And go both out.
Ah you horse son knaues, will you needes go away,
Take two knaues with you by my fay.
But Com narrow nose, thou wilt not go.

Equitie.
No, I will not leaue thee so.
I would some more of my brethren were here.

Iniquitie.
Thy brethren be in Newgate, do not feare.

Equitie.
O wicked detestation.

The Story of King Darius.

O wicked Imagination,
O leaue your old fashion,
And flee from sinne:
Call to Christ,
The Lord most hiest,
To saue you from Antichrist,
And his Papistcallyne.
Here I was of late,
But you dyue me out of the gate,
Through your wicked crake,
And euill way.
Except you call for grace
And repent in space,
And all your sinnes deface,
God will you destroy.
I thinke I see,
A great companie,
Comming toward this place:
I thinke God hath them sent,
Thee to torment, Here entreth Constance, and
Before my face. Charitie.
Welcome my brethren both,
Welcome I say forsooth,
As much as hart can thinke.
 ¶ Iniquitie.
Nay then I perceaue,
I must take my leaue,
Or you will make me wynde:
When so many come,
I must away runne,
That I must by this dynke.
 ¶ Constance.
What is the matter? C.iii. Till

The Story of King Daryus.

Tell me good brother,
Or thou farther go:

¶ Charitie.

And eake to me,
Tell the veritie,
What is the cause also.

¶ Iniquitie.

Shall I tell the matter?
Two dishes maketh a platter,
But yet I will tarry.

¶ Constance.

Now thou doest me mocke,
And also doest howre,
Therefore get thee away:
Or I will let thee out of my company,
That I will, I say.

¶ Equitie.

Brother Constance,
And eke Brother Charitie,
With me he playeth ungraciously,
And hath me almost defyled:
With his flattery,
And his euill company,
Also with his enuie,
Hath me beguyled.

¶ Constance.

We will fynd a remedy,
For that cruell enemy,
Or euer it be long:
We will him so handle,
He shall not be able,
At vs to moue his tong.

¶ Charitie.

The Story of King Daryus.

¶ Charitie.

To that I consent also,
And will doe my parte with you,
To driue him away.

¶ Iniquitie.

Pray that you shall not,
Beeter Turnep,
Yet get me away:
Who should heare remaine,
But Iniquitie I tell thee playne,
For thee I will not hence:
But for thy prating,
And great boasting,
I will thee recompence.

Haue here Tom, He casteth at Constance.

A peece of a brasse pan,
So carry it to thy mother:
Tell her that I say,
Thou shalt haue no more of me,
And if thou werte my brother.

And here Nick Candlestick,

Here is for thee a figge.

¶ At Charitie.

No better thing I haue:

Thy mother go to tell,

Thy figge go to sell,

Do so as God me saue.

And here John pudding maker,

¶ At Equitie.

Here is for thee a taper,

With a payre of beades:

Thou shalt haue no better,

Without thou wilt haue a fetter,

To fetter thy legges.

C.iiij.

Of

The Story of King Darius.

Of truth you may get you a packing,
Because that I gaue eyther of you such a thing.
But tell me this one thing I pray you hartily,
What is the thing you will giue to me?

¶ Constancie.

Thou foole if thou thinke it good,
Holde thy peace and boast not thus of thy blood.
The Scriptures to thee, they doe shewe,
How thou shouldest feare God, and of him stand in
But thou doest here by thy ryotous luyng, (awe.
By thy iesting, thy sporting and also thy mocking,
Flowte and deryde Christyan folke.

¶ Iniquitie.

Why man it is yelow.

¶ Constancie.

What is yelow? I pray thee tell me?
For me thinke thou doest floute dayly.

¶ Iniquitie.

Why you would haue the yolke of an egge.

¶ Constancie.

O thou false friend,
Thy lyfe amende,
And God will thee sende,
His mercy and grace:
That thou mayest with loue,
As it shall thee behoue,
Syt in Heauen aboue,
Before his glorious face.

¶ Equitie.

He doth here but mock,
And spoyie Christes flock,
Full cruelly.

The Story of King Darius.

He doth deryde and scoyne,
Those that were Christyans boine,
Full greuously to see.

¶ Charitie.

By his communication,
He came of an yll foundation,
I dare be bolde to say :

¶ Iniquitie.

Thou pouchmouth knaue,
Thou shalte stryppes haue,
If thou get thee not away.

¶ Equitie.

Thou foolish fellow,
Why doest thou dally?
And heare vs blasphemers.

¶ Iniquitie.

Hold thy peace,
Thou shalte haue a messe of peace,
Or else a dish of creame.

¶ Constancie.

Wilt thou not yet,
Leaue thy cruell spyte,
And soze blasphemousnesse :
Leaue thy pryde,
And doe exceede,
In doing of goodnesse.
I will declare to thee,
Places of Scripture many,
Before my brethren here :
Lysten I pray thee,
Intending to obey mee,
Hearke with thy eare.

The Story of King Darius.

God doth you abhorre,
All other before,
Which worke so vngraciously :
Except you repent,
And your sinnes lament,
He will you destroy.

¶ Charitie.

Syr, it is true,
You haue him tolde :
To say this before you,
I will be bolde.
More easie will it be concerning punishment,
To sodome and Gomor in the day of iudgment,
Then it will be for thee,
To enter into heauen verilie,
Therefore quickly amend,
And say that thou hast warning.

¶ Iniquitie.

Thou knowe I thee desye,
I set not by thee a dye,
Therefore get thee away :
Or I will thee displease,
Much agaynst thy ease,
If thou long doe stay.

¶ Equitie.

I pray the good fellow be content,
And hearken to my brothers intent.

¶ Iniquitie.

Why man thou arte my Cousin: I know thee of olde.

¶ Equitie.

Thou werte not best to be so bolde,
To be acquainted with thee I disdayne,

without

The Story of King Darpu.

without to Gods lawe thou wilt thy selfe ge traine.

Charitie.

Syn you speake well,
Now somewhat will I tell,
To conuerte him to God.

CIniquitie.

May by the Roode.

Constancie.

O thou false Iniquitie,
We must destroy thee,
God hath put vs in mynde.

CIniquitie.

May but go you, and leaue me behynde.

Charitie.

I pray you a little,
Let vs tell him the tytle,
Of Gods eternall grace.

Constancie.

Come friend and goe,
I can tarry no longer with you.

CIniquitie.

No by the masse that I will not,
First I will lay thee on the roate,
By gogs woundes haue at thy head,
Defend it now, and I will giue thee an egge.

Constancie.

Leaue thy swearing,
Thy mocking, thy taunting,
And all thy other game,
God hath preparte,
For those a rewarde,
That doe blaspheme his name.

f.ii.

The

The Story of King Darius.

The Prophet Zachary,
Did see I tell thee,
A booke in the Ayre:
Twenty Cubits length,
Ten Cubits breadth,
Being for them prepared:
That faillly doe,
Swear his neighbour vnto,
And doth not regarde.
Nathew also doth say,
Cursed be they alway,
That swear by any thing:
By Hell or Heauen ywis,
Because in the power it is,
Of that heavenly King.
At all thou shalte not swear,
By thy head, nor yet thy care,
But of God stand in feare.

Equitie.

How doe him well instructe,
To God him to conduct,
But all it is in vayne:
His brittle nature,
And his aunycunt stature,
Doth still in him remayne.

Charitie.

Such a froward fellow,
I do assure you,
I did neuer see:
Therefore I pray thee,
Without any remedye,
To God for mercy see.

Iniquitie.

The Story of King Darius.

CIniquitie.

Hence you horson knaues,
I would you were in your graues,
Then should I be at rest :
To get me away,
Without any delay,
I hold it best.
Farewell by my troth,
I must go to the South,
To seeke my fortune :
Farewell agayne I say,
I must go my way,
My mother is within.

Constancie.

May softe I pray thee,
A way thou shalt not flee,
Till I haue told thee moze :
Giue eare a while,
And harken to the stile,
That I did show before.

CIniquitie.

I will not tarry,
Farewell gentle Harry,
I commit thee to God.

Charitie.

May yet softe,
A way thou shalt not hast,
Till thou haue a sharper rod.

Cequitie.

Wilt thou not regard,
The Lord nor his reward,
Nor him obey at all :
For thy wickednesse,

I. M.

And

The Story of King Darius.

And ungraciousnesse,
Thou shalt haue a fall.

CIniquitie.

Ray that I will not for forty pence,
I had rather then my new nothing I were gone
We shall haue neuer a bone letter I suppose,
If that I fall and breake my nose.
I will keepe that ioynt whyle I haue it,
Or else by my troth I may ga tourne the spit.

CConstance.

Thou foolish fellow, wilt thou not yet obey?
God the Lord, and on him stay.
As my bretheren before here hath declared,
That there is a vengeance for thee prepared.
For thy wickednesse,
And deceitfulnesse,
Hell fyre is thyne.

CIniquitie.

Ray it is not myne,
It is in the Devils gouernement,
Without my admonishment,
I doe not commaund him what he hath to doe.

CConstance.

Yet wilt thou not leaue,
Doe men to deceaue,
And spoyle churles flocke:
Here thou doest them pull,
And make them so dull,
As euer was a blocke.
Leaue thy folly,
Thou cruell enemie,
And fle from thy vice:
Ous M. T. fle

The Story of King Darius.

Flee to God,
And his iust rod,
And leaue thy interprece.
God tourne thy mynde,
And saue thee from the fiende,
Because thou wilt not amende:
Thou shalt goe hence,
For thy offence,
Thy folly to lament.

¶ Iniquitie.

Nay then I will giue you no bread and butter,
Here take some it will make thee to scutter.
I will call my mother, let me alone,
Of trowth she will make thee to grone.
She is such a pestilent woman,
As is not hence to our Lady of Balam,
Shée will make thee repent that thou doest say,
And make thee for feare take thy heeles a run away
Take heede how thou comest in her hand,
If thou do, thou shalt neuer come out of her bande.

¶ Constancie.

Go get thee away, and make no more adoe,
For if you will not, I will compell you.

¶ Charitie.

You doe well, Gods blessing on your harte,
We will surely put him to snatte.

¶ Equitie.

That is right and iust for to doe,
In the which deede I consent to you.
¶ Here some body must cast fyre to Iniquitie.

¶ Constancie.

For thy wickednesse thou shalt haue this.

The Story of King Daryus.

As thou hast deserued for thy doinges y^ewylle,
Get thee away, and tarry not heare.

¶ Iniquitie.

Nay I goe to the Deuill I feare. And goeth out.

¶ Constancye.

Praised be God,
That with his rod,
Which is vpright:
Hath this man destroyed,
And cleane abhorred,
In his mallice and spyte.

¶ Equitie.

My hart is as glad,
As though riches I had,
That Myda did possesse:
Both corne and fruite,
Nothing destitute,
Of aboundaunt excesse.

¶ Charitie.

Praise we God aboue,
With feare and loue,
Which hath plucked him away,
Let vs I pray you,
Praise him and magnify,
For ever and aye.

¶ Constancie.

To that I consent,
With my full intent,
To laude the Lord:
Which from errour hath,
Us all saved,
By his precious word.

But

The Story of King Darius.

But God will preserve,
Them alway from harme,
That in him doe trust:
So that they will,
Trust in him still,
And not in their froward lust.
Let vs therefore syng,
Joyfully it tuning,
Our Lord God to prayse,
Which doth his defend,
And grace them sende,
To walke in Godly wayes.

¶ Charitie.

To it I will consent,
With my harte wholly bent,
To syng to him laude.

¶ Equitie.

So will I gladly,
Sing with you,
To the prayse of God.

¶ The Song.

Sing we together,
Both now and ever,
To prayse the Lord and King:
Which hath vs saued,
From the cruell hatred,
And from his flattering.

And hath him subuerted,
And also toymented,
To his great payne :

G. J.

which

The Story of King Darius.

Which was so euill,
More wicked then the Deuill,
To flatter and disdayne.

But now he is gone,
Of his wickednesse is left none,
But it is slit away cleane;
So is his error,
His mallice and terrour,
To his Damnation and payne.

¶ Constancie.

Let vs be gone out of this place.

¶ Charitie.

Come I pray you let vs goe aparte.

¶ Equitie.

Let it be so as you doe say,
And let vs go together away,
We will go, come I pray you.

¶ Constancie.

We will go gladly with you.

¶ Charitie.

Come let vs go and make no more a doe.
They go out, and the King entreth and sayeth.
My Seruaunts where be you?
Come hyther quickly to me.

¶ Preparatus and Agreeable enter.

¶ Ambo.

At your commaundement we be,
What is your will to say vs vnto?

¶ King Darius.

Go call my Lordes hyther to me.

¶ Agreeable.

The Story of King Daryus.

¶ Agreeable.

It shall be done as you have sayd to me.

¶ Preparatus.

What soeuer you doe commaund me,
To do it euer will I dilligent be.

¶ King Daryus.

Go then forth quickly, and make no more a doe,
But bid them come in haste me vnto.

¶ Amba.

Syr God haue you in his custody,
We will go fetch them hyther to you.

They go out, and Anagnostes & Optimates enter.

¶ Optimates.

God saue thy grace gentle King,
I salute thee with much greeting.

¶ King Daryus.

This is the cause wherefore and why,
That I sente for you hyther to me.

¶ Optimates.

What is the cause? I pray you vs tell,
And if we can, we will it fulfyll.

¶ King Daryus.

They that in my Chamber me do keepe,
Communed togyther whylst I was a sleepe.
At last I waking, and hearing their murmuring,
How they talked their matter concerning.
They stryue amongstest them selues together,
Euery man to say a weightier matter thē the other.
And he that the best can speake,
Without fraude, or without deceate.
Shalbe rewarded with much good,

G.ii.

with

The Story of King Daryus.

With Cattell also, and with foode,
The wyrtinges they did deliuer to mee,
That I might reade them ouer all thre.
Reade it to your selfe I pray you.

C Optimates.

Syz you say very well.

C Anagnostes.

I will reade the wyrtinges to you without fayle,
Lysten I pray you vnto mee,
Then you shall know the effect of them all thre.
Whose sayinges is found the best and true,
With great good King Daryus shall him indue.
He shall haue the ornamentes that here follo, w,
And the other leese, all through their great follye.
He shall be indued with Purple and Golde,
And with golden cuppes also not olde.
A Charyot he shall haue with golden wheeles,
The body thereof made of Steele.
And next to King Daryus shall sit,
For his Eleguence and goodly wit.
He shall be the Kinges famlyer friend,
And shall syt by him till his lyfe ende.
The sentence of the fyrst man is this,
Wyne a very strong thing is.
The seconde also I will declare to you,
That the king is stronger then any other thing berily
The thyrd also I will declare,
Women sayeth he, is the strongest of all,
Though by women we had a fall.
Their mynides now I did you tell,
But aboue all thinges, truth doth most excell.

C King Daryus.

Now let them be called hither,

Act

The Story of King Darius.

Let them come in together.

Come sye tary no longer there,

But before vs doe appere.

Tell by mouth the effect of them,

And to vs shew of them the meane.

C Stipator primus, Stipator secundus, and Zoro-
babele enter.

C Omnes.

Salve vir ornatissime,

Which we salute thee.

C King Darius.

Declare your sentence here by mouth,

As you haue shewed them by rote.

C Stipator primus.

O men is not wine verie strong,

It doth deceyue the very tongue,

Of it in deede somewhat I did speake before,

But now in my memory I haue a little more.

C Anagnostes.

We'll say what thou art able,

But see that it be no vaine fable.

C Optymates.

Go forward in your matter and doe it tell.

C King Darius.

Gods blessing on your hart, you saye verie well,

Tell vs now what thou hast to say.

C Stipator primus.

The vnderstanding it taketh away,

And maketh him carelesse and mery I say.

No heauines at all, it maketh him remember,

That drinketh it, I doe not dissemble,

It maketh a man to thinke also,

G.iii.

Cha

The Story of King Darryus.

That the thing which he goeth about to doe,
Is good and honest, whereas it is not so,
He neuer hath memory of any thing,
It maketh him forget that he is a King.
Nor that he doth gouerne, or is in auctoritie,
And hath all thinges in his custody.
And when they are together drinking,
They do not remember amitie, nor any other thing.
But as soone as drunken they are,
To sleigh their friend they doe not spare. (hit,
But they draw their sword, they care not where to
Thus wyne maketh men to haue a small wit.
And when from the wyne they are layd downe,
They cannot tell afoze, what they had done.
Iudge now, is not wyne the strongest?
Which maketh men vnwitty, and vn honest.
Hath it not a very great strength?
That causeth these to be done at length.

¶ King Darryus.

Well, now holde thy tongue I pray thee,
Let the next tell his tale to mee.

¶ Anagnostes.

Doe as the King hath thee commaunded.

¶ Optimates.

Let it be so as they haue thee bid.

¶ Stipator secundus.

I did to you declare,
And now I will not spare,
To tell my matter to you:
The king is very strong,
And all are in his hand,
That in his realme continue,

The Story of King Darius:

All doe him obay,
Without any delay,
That dwell in his costes.
He hath armies great,
Corne, Cattayle and meate,
And eake aboundaunt Hostes.
How say you, is not he the strongest?
Which doth conquere and gouern both man & beast.
The Land and the Sea, and euery other thing,
Then verely strongest is the King.
For he hath domynyon ouer them all,
Both man and beast are at his call.
And what he commaundeth, that is done,
If he send them to warre, they are quickly gone.
They breake downe hyls and Towers,
And slep also hyer powers.
They themselves are slayne also,
Beyond his worde they dare not go.
If that they get the victory,
They bring it to the King by and by.
And likewise they that till the ground,
When they it reape, they bring it to the King round,
Tribute to the King they restore,
All to him they bring both lesse and more.
If he bid them go to kill,
They go about it with a good will.
If he commaund them to forgiue,
They doe it, and their cares relieue.
If he bid them go to smite,
They go about it, and care not where they hit,
If he commaund them to dyue away,
They do it without delay.

The Story of King Darius.

If he commaund them for to builde,
They doe it, and their labour to him yeelde.
If he doe bid them for to breake,
They doe it, and that with much weake.
If to plante he doe commaund them,
They goe about it lyke obeyent men.
The common people, and rulers also,
Are obedient to him wherelseuer they go.
And the King sitteth done in the meane while,
Eating and drinking, and taking his will.
All to the King must obay,
And leaue his owne busynesse vndone alway.
Judge, is not the King the strongest now?

C King Darius.

Now tell thy tale vs vnto,
Stand together you two asyde,
For of your purpose you are both wyde.

C Anagnostes.

Declare to vs I pray you now.

C Optimates.

In your two sentences there is no effect,
To them at all we haue no respect.

C Zorobabell.

The King is mighty and vehement,
And wyne also well spent.
Yet of a woman I take in hande,
And in this sentence my fayth shall stande.
It is not the King with his mighty boast,
That ruleth and gouerneth in euery coast.
Nor it is not wyne that doth excell,
But to you the truth I will tell.
A woman I suppose it is,

That

The Story of King Daryus.

That ouer these hath domynyon ywysse.
Hath not the woman borne the King?
And eke euery naturall thing.
Hath not women brought them all?
The Wyneyardes whereon wyne doth fall.
They make Garmentes for all creatures,
So that they be of humayne statures.
These cannot come without women,
Therefore the honour we must giue to them.
If they possesse syluer or precious Golde,
Their hartes are soone very colde.
If they see a woman well fauoured,
They forsake their Golde that they haue gathered.
And their eyes are bent vpon,
Their harte and mynd on that woman.
And haue more love her vnto,
Then to their Golde, it is true.
He leaueth his father that brought him vp,
His mother also that gaue him suck.
He forsaketh also, his countrey native,
With that woman all his life to liue.
With that woman also, he ieopardeth his life,
He regardeth neyther father nor mother, and all for
By this then needs must you know, (his wife.
That women haue domynyon ouer you.
Doth it greene you that I doe tell ye?
Well, well, it shall not greene me.
A man his sword out doth take,
To go and steale he is not slacke.
To robbe and to sayle vpon the Sea,
To murther and kill, he is prompte alway.
And when he hath stolen and also robbed,

The Story of King Darius.

He bringeth to his Lemman with a good coia ge.
A gayne a man loueth his wyfe,
Better then he did his parentes in his lyfe.
Many one in earth there is,
That loueth his wyfe wondrous well y'wisse.
Out of their wits also they doe runne,
And bondslaves for their wyues sake are become.
Perished also many haue,
And are become Sathans bonde slave.
Many also are fallen into sinne,
And all throught the cause of women.
Beleeue me now if you will,
Pour mynds I will by and by fulfill.
I know a King which is great in power,
And all landes stand in dread of him at this hower,
No man vpon him dare lay hande,
Nor at any tyme may him withstande.
Yet did I see with myne own eyes,
Vpon the Daughter of King Bartacus.
The Kinges Concubine she was truly,
Of the Kinges right hand she sate I tell ye.
And the Crowne from his head tooke,
And on her head did it put.
And with her lelte hand him struck.
Asouer the King looked vpon her,
And durst say nothing he was in such fere.
If she laughed vpon him, he also did laugh,
But if she at him waxed wroth,
The King was fayne her for to flatter, (fauour.
And speake her fayne, till he had gotten agayne her
O ye men, is not women the greatest of might?
O thou earth thou are very great,

The

The Story of King Darius.

The heauen hye wichall:
Thou canst worke these prety feates,
That doth contract them all.
Swifte is the course of the Sunne,
The Moone, the starres also.
Which in the day their course doe runne,
With Planets other mo:
He fetcheth his course round about,
The compasse of one day:
The Starres, the moone, and eke the night,
Their compasse doe not stay.
He then is very excellent,
That causeth this to be done:
Which sitteth aboue the firmamente,
Within his holy throne.
But great is the truth, and of good effect,
And to that we must haue a dilligent respect.
The earth doth tremble and quake ywis,
And no vngodly thing in it found is,
None is an vnrighteous thing,
Unrighteous also is the King.
Women are become vnrighteous also,
And no goodnesse at all can they do.
The Children of God are vnrighteous all,
As well the great, as is the small.
The workes also that they go about,
Is vnrighteous without any doubt.
In that vnrighteousnes they shall decay,
And perill also, it is true that I say.
In the effect of that is no vnrighteous thing,
No craft no pollicie, nor no lesing.
Therefore let vs clayme it for our owne,

The Story of King Darius.

And let it deeply in vs be sowen.
Blessed be thou the God of truth,
Let thy truth be in euery mans mouth.

C Optimates.

O it is a great truth that thou hast vs tolde,
To aske of the King what thou wilt, be thou bolde.
Thy sentence is great, and very curious,
And to vs at all it is not greuous.

C Anagnostes.

Aske thy reward now I pray thee,
And thou shalt haue it geuen to thee.

C King Darius.

Thou hast wonne of these the victo ry,
Thou shalt haue it rewarded to thee.
Aske what thou wilt, I will thee it giue,
And thou shalt be my friend, as long as thou doest
Thou shalt be my familer friend, (liue;
And liue with me to my lynes ende.
Besydes these that are wrytten here,
Thou shalt be contented for this gere.

C Zorobabell.

Remember now thy promyse,
Made to me of late:
Let it now fulfilled be,
In reasonable rate.
Which thou hast promised vnto me,
When thou camest into thy Kingdome:
Lord let that now graunted be,
With reasonable freedome.
Jerusalem thou didst promyse,
To build vp euery whit:
And all that therein were amisse,

Restore

The Story of King Darius.

Restore agayne to it.
Send agayne the vessels all,
The Jewels that were taken:
As well the great, as eake the small,
Which were cruelly shaken.
Of Cyprus also seperated,
When in Babylon he offered.
Thy mynde was to build the temple agayne,
Which the Edomites bent without fayne.
When Jerusalem was peruerterd,
And greeuously tormented.
And of the Caldies delected,
That O King I doe desyre,
And with my whole harte doe it requyre.
Performe thy bow therefore,
Which thou hast promised heretofore.

King Darius.

I praye thee wondrous well,
Thou shalt haue that, which before I did thee tell.

Zorobabell.

Now syr we must departe a way,
God haue you all in his custody I say.
Stipator primus, Stipator secundus, & Zorobabell

King Darius.

(go out.

God prosper your iorney, and send you good successe
And saue you from your enemyes harmelesse.
Do you intende to carry here?

Optymates.

What is your will to do?
I pray you tell it vs hnto.

Anagnostes.

Gladly syr would we go away,

B.iiij.

To

The Story of King Daryus.

To tarry here we will not delay.

King Daryus.

Come then let vs go hence I pray you.

Ambo.

We are content so to doe.

Here they go out, and then entreth Constancie,
saying as it were a Sublocutio.

You haue heard here good people of late,
Of three yong men their sayinges by rote.

By mouth they dyd resyte, I thinke you haue hard.

How the flatterers were cruely abhord. (twis,

Two there were, Stipators they may be called

They went about by flattery, but yet they did mis.

But Constancie is a thing most sure,

In it nothing vncleane, but all very pure.

The thyrd Zorobabell by name,

Did remayne in Constancie, and keepe the same.

The saying I suppose, you doe vnderstand,

Yet to show you agayne, I will take in hande.

The one declareth the strength of wyne,

How it doth deceaue the frayltie of the brayne.

The seconde also doth expresse,

That the king hath the most strength doubtlesse.

But wicked men they be, and also flatterers,

They may well ynough be called Stipators,

Then the thyrd the truth to tell did begin,

The victoery of them all he did win.

He remayned in Constancie, and was still wyse,

As for flattery still, he did despyse.

Thus haue you heard the effect of all,

How that for their lyes, they haue got a fall.

Here entreth Equitie and Charitie.

Pray

The Story of King Darius.

Pray we to God the Lord of might,
That he would send downe his cleare sight.
To Queene Elizabeth, and send her his worde,
That from her enemies she may be restorede.
Let vs also pray that she long may liue,
And that to her subjects true precepts she may giue.

¶ Equitie and Charitie.

For the Councillours also let vs pray,
That in the true fayth direct them he may.
And that also grace he would them giue,
To giue counsell wofely, whyle in earth they liue.
Amen.

¶ The Song.

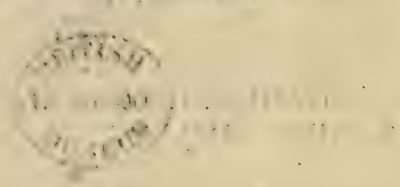
Let the truth, let the truth,
Be in euery mans mouth,
Both yong and olde,
Let him be bolde,
With truth to holde,
Least they perish,
Like Hogges downyssh,
And bitterly decay.

Then he shall be sure,
Long to indure,
Abroade in earth,
And from the dearch,
God will keepe his harte,
Also from punishment,
And from cruell iudgement,
For euer and for aye.

The Story of King Daryus.

In Constance remaine,
Let no venome you stayne.
But see it quite,
And the right way hit.
Spurne not agaynst the prick,
But be humble and meeke,
And for grace seeke,
To the lyving God I say.

¶ Finis.





The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Story of King Darius

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1565

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, b. 16*]

*Date of another Recently Discovered Edition also reproduced
in this Series, 1577*

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, i. 21*]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Story of King Darius

1565

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

The Story of King Darius

Another edition of this play, printed in 1577 by Hugh Jackson, has already appeared in this series. It formed part of the famous "Irish find" of 1906, and at present it appears to be the only copy known of any impression other than the original of the present facsimile. Of Colwell's edition, examples may be found in several public and private collections: the British Museum possesses three copies (one imperfect), whilst others are recorded as at Magdalene College, Cambridge; at Chatsworth; at Bridgewater House, &c. &c.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, reports the reproduction to be excellently done. There are, as usual, trifling instances of slight blurring; but none call for special mention. The paper is thin, and the printing of the original frequently shows through, making the text in some places somewhat blurred and indistinct. On the other hand I think it only right, on reflection, in justice to the photographer and reproducers, to add in proof that these "faults" are in some instances "reproduced most faithfully," and that some pages are "particularly good." Especial mention may be made of G. recto and verso, G. ii. recto, G. iii. verso, [G. iv.] recto.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Pretie new En-

terlude both pithie & pleasaunt
of the Story of King Darius,
Beinge taken out
of the third
and fourth Chapter of the
thyrd booke of
Esdras.

The names of the Players.

The Prolocutor.

C Iniquytie.	C Harytie.
C Importunytie.	C Paralytie.
C Equytie.	C Darius kynge.
C Agreeable.	C Perplexitie.
C Preparatus.	C Curiositye.
C Iuda.	C Persya.
C Hedey.	C Aethyopia.
C Constance.	C Optymates.
C Anagnostes.	S tipator primus.
S tipator secundus.	C Zorobabell.

C Syre persons may safely play it.

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sygne of S. John Euangelyst
by Thomas Colwell.

Anno Domini. M.D.LXV.
In October.

There beginneth the Worthe Enter-
lude of kynge Daryus. Neuer
before Imprinted.

The Prolocutor.



God people harke & geue eare a whyle,
for of this Enterlude I wyll declare
the stile,

As Auctours heretofore haue thought
it commodious

The whole some of theyr matter before to dyscuss
So hath our Auctour thought it necessary
By a Preface to declare this Commodity
To tell the matter I will now begyn

A certayne kynge (to you) we shall bynge in
Whose name was Daryus (good and vertuous)
Of nature also both lowlyng and courtuous

This kynge commaunded a feast to be made
And at that banquet many people had

These fyrst will I reherce, Percia and Medya,
And then Iuda, and also Ethyopia,

These came to the kynges banquet

And tooke such parte as before them was set,

With a glad mynde to that they were consented

And after to theyr owne rooves returned.

And when the kynge in counsaile was set

Two Lordes commaunded he to be set

As concernyng matters of three yonge men

Whych bryefely shewed theyr fantasie then,

In wytyngs theyr menyngs they dyd declare

And to gyue them to the kynge they dyd not spare

One wyrt one thyng, nexte the other,

All.

But

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

But the thyrd the trueth shoue all other.
You shall here anon how he is rewarded
And also for hys trueth well contented
As for the other it goeth ill wyth them
Because they dyssembled lyke wycked men.
Now the preface to you I haue declared
And of it also the effecte ye haue harde
Now silence I desyre you therfore
For the Wyce is entrynge at the doore.

The Prologue goeth out, & Iniquity cometh in.

Iniquytie.

Gow now my maisters, how goeth the world
I came gladly to talke with you (now)
But soft, is there no body here
Truly I do not like thys gere,
I thought I shuld haue found sunn bodie
Let me looke better yet I pray ye,
I am mad now to the sole of my foote
And they were here I wold lay them on the coote
A honson knaues haue you thus mee mocked
Suerly I will breake theyr hed,
Come no neare it were for you best
If you do, it shall not be for your rest.

Here entreth Charpye.

Charpye.

Hoide thy hand I pray thee hartelie,
Of Charpye be content I pray thee.

Iniquytie.

Thou wilt not fyght I dare saye
Get thee awaye or I wyl thee slay,

Ha thou

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

Ha thou knaue, who made thee so bolde:
Thou lokest lyke an auneyant father and a olde
Who made thee come into my domynion:
Tell mee one thyng, how doth thy mynion:
I thynke surely it is a tryin wenche and a seayre
How sayest thou, how lykest thou thys geare:

¶ Charitie.

Thy cōmynycatyon I lyke not trulye
Nor at all I let not by thy flatterye
It is very folkie that thou doest saye
When to trust in theyr mad fancies alwaye
As for me I trust god hath geuen me the grace
All my ennemies clerely to deface.

¶ Iniquytie.

What art thou called: thy name tell to mee.

¶ Charitie

My name (I tell thee) is Charitie
Without the which no flesh can Iustified bee.

¶ Iniquytie.

Yea, truly thou art an holy man
As is betwene this and Buckingham,
I pray thee tel me what meneth this word charity:
Because thou doest make it so holy.

¶ Charitie.

Peace man thou arte vnwysse,
Neuer a good thought canste thou deuyse,
For if thou couldest thus thou woldest not prate.

¶ Iniquytie.

Cyt thee away for thou shalt not be my mate
I wyll haue a better fellow then thou arte
Or by you all I wyll not set a farte.

¶ Charitie.

God hath cōmaunded one to loue another

The Storie of kyng Daryus,

Thy very ennemy as thy owne brother,
It is euen gods cōmaundement
To loue our foes with a good intent.
And who so dooth loue God aboue
With vnfayned and pure loue
And hys neyghbour as hym selfe also
Hym wyll god prosper in wealth and wo
For the Prophets requyre of vs no more,
But that a faruent loue wee keepe in roore.

Iniquytie.

That I shall, I wyll kepe it faste.

Charytie.

What wilt thou keepe tell mee in haste:
For I thynke thou art a deceptfull person.

Iniquytie.

You bad I shuld kepe my money leaste it were
And I made my purse so close & so hard (gone
That it will not be lost. iii. halspence I will ieo:
No, no, it will not come out agayne. (bard

Charytie.

O false Iniquytie I tell thee playne
That God will thee surely destroye,
Without other fauour or merce
Casper will it be I do tell thee
For a Gable rope to enter into a Nedles eye
Then for an vnrightheous & wycked mā I tel the
To enter into heauen at any tyme bercepe,
Therefore thy folly do not bpholde
But it to leaue be thou bolde.

Iniquytie.

Be bolde it were not best for thee
To make any pratinge here at mee,
Therefore get thee quychly awaye,

The storpe of kyng Daryus.

O, wyth my dagger I will thee sleape.

¶ Charptie.

Thy wordes ar nought and very foolyshe
I do not at all regarde them doubtlesse,
Ah wycked enneiny thou speakest lyke a foole.

¶ Iniquytie.

Syr who is there that hath a stoole?
I will buy it for thys Gentleman
If you will take money come as fast as you can.

¶ Charptie.

I do not lyke verely thy companie
It were best for me to go from thee
Thys loue that wee haue ought to be so puer
On Iustyce grounded, and on fayth suer,
But the loue that in thee doth appere
Is not worthe the valour of a heare
Semeth it neuer so much worthy prayse
In mens syght, yet it is to our owne decayes
It is abhomyable befoze god trulye
And at all of hym not esteemed I tell thee.

¶ Iniquytie.

By my frouthe here is a good sporte
That thou hast made of me such a reporte
Thou horson knaue get thee awaye
O, I will deceyue thee with my subtyltie I saye,
If thou go not hence to thee it will be deathe
For in mee is nether trust nor faythe.

¶ Charptie.

I thinke thou doest thinke as thou doest say
For by thy workes it doth appere alway
That thou doest neuer god regarde

Thy

The Storie of kyng Daryus,

Thy nature appereth to be so harde
O wycked feend and full of ill
With myschelfe and flattery thou doest mee fyll
Saint Paule to the Romaines doth declare
To tell the sentence I wyll not spare,
Quis quiete sine charitate vivere potest.
In fewe wordes it is exprest,
If out of theyr place by's I cold moue
I were nothing if I had no loue.
If to fede the poore, also my goodes I did bestow
Had I no Charytie I were not worth a strawe.
By loue are wee knowen to bee,
The chyl dren of Chryst in hys dyetye,
Therefore thou Iniquitie gyt thee hence.

Iniquitie.

Ray first will I thee recompence
It were best for thee hence to be gone
O: suerly I will make thee grone.

Charytie.

Saint James also in his Epistle hath thys
who is a freind of the world, the enemy of god is
Sainte Paule also to the Romaines declareth
That he that is without loue and fayth
Can neuer come to the kyngdome of God.

Iniquitie.

Ray then I sweare by this Roode
It were not best for thee to tary
For if thou do I wyll slaye thee truly.

Charytie.

Thys thy praynge shall not make mee cease
It were best for thee to holde thy peace,
And obaye that whych I haue sayde:

And

The Story of kynge Barpus.

And from these preceptes do not flyde
By these bayne gaudes do not let
For no prosyte of them at all shalt thou get

¶ Iniquitie.

What hast thou to do with þe thou old knaue
Gyt thee away betunes or no grace thou shalt

¶ Charitie.

(haue.

O dyssemblyng and flatterynge generation
God will you destroye, (O wycked nacyon)
In mouth you professe gods holy name
But in your thoughtes you sure abuse the same:
Well, because thou art an vngodly person
I wil from thee away be gone. And goeth out.

¶ Iniquitie.

Ha, ha, ha, is it euen so,
By my trouthe sye I am as glad as you
For at no rest at all could I bee
Whylst thou wast here wyth mee
Farewell Peter blow bobble I may wel call thee,
I maruell who they be I see commynge here
By the mouse foote I charge you to appere
Nay then I must needes make me readye
O wyth me it wyl be wronge trulpe,

¶ Here Importunytie & Parcalytie enter.

Whē one bloke cometh on this side, another on þe
But I trow I cā fere the knaues w my grānams
Pusse pusle, where art thou come away. (Exit

¶ Importunytie.

Peace man, be of good cheare I say,
Thynkest thou wee with thee will syght
No that we will not I sweare by this lyght.

¶ Parcalytie.

B.

Why

The Storye of King Darius,

Why dyd he, thynke we wolde do so?
No man we wyl not I warrand you
But who was it that was here of late.

¶ Iniquytie

And wilt thou nedes know, it was such a mate
As I could not fynde betwene thys and hell
It is no lye that I thee tell,
Hee dyd here so on me rayle
Wut I thynke I gaue hym a blowe with a fore
So he was gone quicly from mes (tayle
He durst tarpe no longer in my companie.

¶ Importunytie.

(bread

Thou didest serue him well I sweare by thys
Thou shuldst haue payd hym about the head
I wold I had hym here for hys sake
I wolde haue made hym chanel to rake.

¶ Darcpalytie.

What was hys name? I pray thee tell mee.

¶ Iniquytie.

Hys name was mayke Charytie.

¶ Darcpalytie.

If I had bene here I tell thee twyffe
I wold surely haue made hym to pyffe
I harde say he was such a clarke
Which wold haue made my conscience very darke
But tell mee, how didst thou dyspue hym awaie.

¶ Iniquytie.

yes yes, I dyd well ynoughe
I made the knaue git his lyupng by the ploughe
Where he had one word, I had halfe a score
pea, and there had byn a few more,
Wpth the knaue had I thys cōmynycatyon

That

The Story of kyng Daryus.

That at last I made a proclamatioun
That if any were found within my cure
Whych to Iniquitie and falschod wold not a'uer
The same shuld dye wythout any remedy
The knaue hard that and got him away quickly
Thus dyd I handle the knaue
That no mercy at all of mee could he haue.

¶ Importunytie.

Mary and thou dydst serue hym well
Where is he now I pray thee canst thou tell.

¶ Iniquytie.

I thynke he be gone now to hell
I care not where he be, so he come no more here
How saiest thou knaue, how likest thou this gere.

¶ Parcalytie.

By my trouth thys gere doth me well please.
When thou hast hym let hym be at no ease.

¶ Iniquytie.

I wll rappe hym thus vpon the bones
And wll make hym very soore grone
But I pray thee tell mee: what is thy name.

¶ Importunytie.

Importunytie is the very same
Quies I do byng bether for aduantage
And to tel lyes for lucre is my common vsage.

¶ Parcalytie.

yea, I warraund thee hee is such a felow
As is not hence to Peterborow.

¶ Iniquytie.

Tell thy name I pray thee vnto me

¶ Parcalytie.

Syz my name is Parcalytie
To handle the knaue I wylbe bolde,

B.ii.

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

I wil make that his hart shalbe soone very cold.

CIniquytie.

Of trueth you two are such honest men
As is not betwixt thys and hell then,
But I pray thee what newes canste thou tell me
Will he come againe or no I pray thee.

CImportunytie.

Nay that he wyll not I dare saye
For if he do he were better naye.

CDarcyalpytie.

What nedest thou care so longe as I am here
I wyll hym handle do thou not fere,
Blowes to geue hym I wyll not spare
He is lyke if he come full ill to fare.

CIniquytie.

(uautes)

What nede I care as long as I haue such ser-
To defend me from the crueltie of that Tyrante
I warrant you my men dyligent be
That plesed shal be to destroye.

CDarcyalpytie.

yea I warrant thee do thou not feare
We will hym so handle he shal not feare
We will hym in our snares trappe
And hym with a fortaile wee wyll flappe.

CImportunytie.

yea and I also wyll do my parte
And wyll surely put hym to snarte,
I warrant thee I will bere hym full soze
That he shal prate here no more.

CIniquytie.

yea by god and well sayde, I on you thanke
And he be thus hadled with hym it wil be blanke
Ha, ha,

The Storie of kyng Daryus.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, surely I must nedes simple
To see how these the knaue wyll desyle
you are two as drunken knaues
As are betwene this & your owne skyns, so God

C Darcvalptie. (me saue.

Why Iniquytie, what doest thou saye?

C Iniquytie.

C I sayd ye were two honest men by myr saye,
But surely I dyd not so thynke
So that I dyd not I sweare by thys dysnake

C Importunytie.

Now thou art dyspoled to iesse
Well Iniquytie I thynke it best,
To be gone out of thy companye
For here thou doest with vs but dalle.

C Darcvalptie.

I warrand thee man it is not so
Is it Iniquytie how say you.

C Iniquytie.

Thou pratyng foole holde thy peace
Or to laye thee on the coate I wyll not cease
I thynke thou knowest not to whom thou doest
I faith you knaue I will make you a peke (speke
If you horson I will rappe you on the skull.

C Importunytie.

May be content I pray thee.

C Iniquytie.

May that I will not verelye.

C Darcvalptie.

I pray thee freind hold thy hande
Thou foole canest thou not styll stande.

B.iii.

Iniquytie

The Storpe of kynz Daryus.

CIniquytie.

But syzs I pray you who is hee
That entrecth hereby. **C**Egyptie entrecth.

CDarcypalytie.

Truly I do see the same
Enquyre (I pray thee) what is hys name.

CImportunytie.

What is thy name frend tell mee.

CEgyptie.

My name I tell you is Egyptie
He whych doth if obtayne blessed Chalbe.

CIniquytie.

Whoo, haue we more blessedg come to þ towne
Thou mayst go meddle of clouting thy gowne
With vs thou hast nothyng to do.

CImportunytie.

No he hath nothyng to lay vs vnto
Therefore he were best to holde hys peace,

CEgyptie.

Thys shall not make mee to cease
But more and more it shall geue mee a roage
To speake agaynst your euell blage
Your flaterynge, your hordome, & wycked actes,
Your malyciousnes and euell factes.

CImportunytie.

(Doone

Ray & we haue thys a do we shall neuer haue
Thou hozson knaue git thee to clout thy woone.

CIniquytie.

Ray he shall haue a better offyce then that
He shall go play wyth my mothers pulsecat.

CDarcypalytie.

Ray that is too good for such a knaue

The Storye of kynge Darius.

It were pytie that hee that offyce wuld haue
If he woulde be ruled by my counsell
Let hym go puddynges for to sell.

¶ Iniquytie.

Mary then hee wyl begyle hys mother
Whylest he selleth one he wille eat another.

¶ Equytie.

Well though you do trauaile with vs thus
It wyl be to your owne dampnacyon itrys
A brother of mine was here as I hard saye
But with your folly you did durye him away
So I thought it good hether for to come
To turne you from your erreour, o ye people durne
Without knowledge and vnderstandynge
And yet so deceptfull in wycked workynge
Sainte Paule to the Romaynes both testyfy
That that thyng that spryngeth not of Equytie
Is cleane dampnacyon and syn in selfe
And no remedye at all can there be found you to help
If that with syn you be once intangel'd
From it you wyl neuer be conuerted
For the eyes of god sayth the prophete Ieremy
Doth alwayes beholde Iustyce and Equytie
Therfore repent & clayme sayth for your owne.

¶ Iniquytie.

Gyt thee away or I wyl make thee to grone
Mary if we suffer thee to prate here
With vs wronge wyl go thys gere.

¶ Importunytie.

Mary that it wyl I tell thee feulye
Some meanes must we fynd to durye him away.
¶ Paralytie.

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

CBarcelyptie.

With vs it wil be wrong if we suffer him thus
Therefore he shalbe handled more cruelly of vs
We wyl kepe hym so strayght in our bandes
That he shal not be able at vs to stretch his handes

CImportunytie.

I will let hym packyng if he will not hence.
I shal so handle hym he shal not be worth a co

CIniquytie.

(ple of pence.

And I my selfe wyl do my parte
I wyl surely put the knaue to smarte,
If hee wyl not go hence by saye menes
He is lyke at all to haue no gaynes
Therefore freind departe anone
Say thou hast warnyng & get thee away soone

CEgypte.

yet for this I wyl not departe.

CIniquytie.

Wylt thou not, then will I perce thee to the

CEgypte.

(harte.

Leaue thy great follye ientle freinde
And the wayes of god in thy doenges pretende
Seke god and on his name call
And to his mercy and grace alway fall
And then god wyl surely preserve thee
If thou for merce to hym wylt flee
God hath commaunded thee to lone in harte
All such as seke thy soule to peruerter.
What art thou called I pray thee hartely:

CIniquytie.

And wylt thou nedes know, I am Iniquytie
What hast thou to say vnto mee,

If many

The Scho: of King Darius.

If manie wordes to me thou doest make
I wyll rap my dagger aboute thy pate.

CParcalytic.

pea spare hym not if he were a kynge
Let hym haue as good as he doth bringe.

CImportuntye.

Make thy dagger bryght and sharpe
And then put the knaue to smarte.

CIniquitye.

How latest thou freind wilt thou get thee hence
And thou wilt not I will thee well recompence
Therefore packe whylst thou maye.

CEquitye.

Cuthe all thys shall not dyne me away,
A lytle more yet with you wyll I talke.
Dy out of thys place I do walke
Good thoughtes by fayth we do obayne
And by fayth we get our profyt and gayne
Through faith so many as do beleue
Prosperous thoughtes god will them geue,
As in the booke of wisdom we do rede
That the lord loketh vpon faith & beholdeyth it

CParcalytic.

(indeede

Well then thou wilt not get thee away,
Surely if thou wilt not I wyll thee slaye.

CEquitye.

yet away I will not go
I haue a lytle more to say vnto you
Pryde in you is so ryfe
Hore dome, crueltie, and also stryfe
God doth alway them resylle
That be proude, & to sampe the he doth not misse

C.

Thys

The Storye of kynge Darpus.

It is sentence in Ecclesiasticus is
That god byngeth the proude to noughte
And the humble man he hath out soughte
In the same place also he hath declared
That god by rightous men doth not regarde
He shalbe fylled with curssynges manye
That to it will cleaue and stycke verelye,
In Genisys also it is founde
That our bodye is but very donge
Why then will make so much of a vaine thinge
Seing in thys worlde it hath no tarpenge
In the prouerbes also found the same sentence is
That the bewtie of our carkasse but vaine & by
If any thyng we haue that is good (the is
It cometh by god; and not by our noble blood
Why do you then (o you Tyrantes)
Booste of these your cruell aplyantes?
As though you had not receyued it of Chyste
Of whom ye did receiue, o ye shall nyuer be blest.

In iugytie.

Here is such a knaue I thinke verelye
He will not away till I canus him welfauoredly
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I muste nedes laughe
Gyt thee away knaue and go drawe the ploughe
Well I perceyue there is no reme dye
If I do not bestyre my selfe I shall decaye
Well freind now I wyll trye a fyt wyth thee
What sence hast thou (I praye thee tell mee)
I beleue thou canst not defende thys blowe
Nor thys nother I trowe.

In iugytie.

In such bayne gaudes I do not delyghte
Nether

The story of kynig Daryus.

Neither by day nor yet by nyghte
Gyt thee away thou false Iniquytie
O I will surely Gunne thy companie.

¶ Parcalytie.

Why doth he here thus scolde
Gyt thee away thou vsburnde Cokolde.

¶ Iniquytie.

He will not away till I let hym hence
So git thee home & talke with thy wenche.

¶ Importunytie.

In your doenges you are not wyle
you must some straight way against hym deuple
O yll will not be worth a strawe.

¶ Iniquytie.

Gyt thee away thou horsen dawne.

¶ Equytie.

O ye fonde and ignorant nacyon
O Deceytfull and wicked generacyon
Here you scorne and mocke whom god hath sent
you care not at all for any punishment,
Dooze people here you do defraude
Doling gods flocke by your gaudes,
Into eternall fyre your way is prepared
And also theys that god doth not regarde,
you haue obtayned your owne Dampnacion
And for you at all there is no saluacyon
Except from you actes you turne
For to much agaynst god you spurne
How wilt you aunswere in the day of iudgement
Without you take hede and your syns repent,
Except in tyme you do conuarte
For you thyre is ordayned cruell synarte.

C. ii.

¶ Parcalytie

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

CDarepalytie.

Why: loe, if you thus do hym suffer
He wyl praye agaynst vs more and moze
If I begyn to take hym in bande
He Hall feele a more reuell bande.

CImposytuntye.

I pray thee let vs set hym awaye
Let hym praye no longer here I you praye.

CEquyre.

God hath (I truste) genen mee the grace
All my ennemies clearly to deface,
If he be on my side I care not for you all
If you were .x. thousand more both great & small
For he will surely defende hys flocke
And saue them frothy your derpyding mocks
O slowtynge fooles and ignorante
Though you here now do mocke & play the foole
It will be hereafter to the dampnacion of youre
You shal thinke your selues to be euen as god (soule,
When you neither knowe hym nor his ryghtfull
I say you, we are cleare and free (rod
Our faultes, who can them elpye?
Yes, yes, god that setteth aboue
Doth marke them all as it doth hym behoue
He but with one twinklyng of an eye
Can spye the out if they were .x. times more then
Repent therfore your faultes betime (they be
And mercy alway of god clapyne
Then he will preserue you lyke his owne childe
And saue you from the lake that burneth w hym.

CIniquyte.

(stone.

Ha, ha, the fellows is to good for mee

One

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

One word agayne him I dare not speke trulye
He hath so many wordes in store
Farewell, farewell, I haue neuer a one more.

¶ Paralytie.

Stay softe Iniquytie away thou shalt not skyp
Tyll wee haue dzyuen away this olde heretyke
If I once byd thee agayne get thee away
It shalbe thy death if I maye.

¶ Importunytye.

Indede we haue suffered hym to long to prate
He is now so bold that agaynst vs he doth crake
Gyt thee away or I will lay thee on the pate.

¶ Eqtytie.

If you will not amend it shalbe so
I wyll tary no longer wyth you
You wyll byrynge all to hell
That consent to your counsell
Except they take good hede,
You wyll so poyson them,
O ye wycked men

Repēt your actes wyth spede. ¶ Here he kneleth

O lord I hartely thee beseeche downe & prayeth.
Thy ryght hand to these synners soozth reache
And plucke from theyr malycyousnes
Theyr papystry and all theyr coueytousnes
Geue to them a good and godly mynde
In theyr heades thy cōmaundements fast binde
Conuert them from theyr syn
Whych they do wallow in
And indue them with all
Thy mercye thy grace
And let them haue the glasse
Of mercye if they call. C.iii. ¶ Iniquytie

The Storye of kynge Darius.

CIniquytie.

Such another godsonne I dare well say
I had not betwene this and Candlemasse day
Gods blessing my son I do thee geue
Holde thee, kepe it so longe as thou doest lyue.

CParcalptie.

Why wilt thou blesse such a knaue as he is,
Neuer of mee he shuld haue hys blysse.

CImportunytie.

Now of mee nother I sware by this bread
I thought surely by this time he wold haue byn
And you had byn ruled by mee (dead
He shuld neuer haue sene thys day
Thou olde knaue gyt thee away.

CEquytie.

God I geue thee thanks
That haste geuen mee grace
To flee these Tyrantes
In good tyme and space,
Farewell I you bydde
Let yourre waues be bydde
And saye you haue warnynge,
Leasse it bee
For your payne trulpe
And bytter mournynge:
Repent in tyme all that I haue sayde
And looke that it be dyligently obayde
For no longer can I tary in your companie
You ar so full of malice & enuie. And goeth out.

CIniquytie.

Ha, ha, lo maysters, lo now is he gone
I thought surely he wold not haue gon til noone
But

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

But the knaue was glad to take hys sight
Be durst tary no longer in my sight
By thys may you knowe I was a bolde man
But I wold not haue fared if he had ventred me
But so griseid vpon him I did looke (vpon
As he had bene a very Cooke.

¶ Parcalytie.

What is he flowne, whan did he go tell mee.

¶ Iniquytie.

I suppose he is not a myle hence betelie,
For hys sight he dyd but take of late
He is scant out of the gate.

¶ Importunytie.

O good Lord it is a spozte I trobo
That thys knaue is gone from you
I thought he wolde not tary longe
By the pratinge of hys double tonge.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nowe may I be bolde
Worth Cokoldry to holde
And prety other gere,
I may playe the knaue
Boole, pyll and chaue
In mee there is no fere:
Seeing I haue
Made thys wyttten knaue
Whiche was with me so bolde,
I haue throwne downe
And pulde him by the crowne
And made hym very colde.
I wyll fere no more
Lyon, Bull nor Boze

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

If that they do come here
But will them set a packynge
Wyth my prey iellynge
And put them to great feare
I must my selfe bestyre
In my great wrath and ire
That they shall come no more
Whych haue me sore beryd
And cruelly tormented
By the masse it is full sore.

¶ Darcyalysie.

my freind Iniquytie now we leaue you behind

¶ Iniquitie.

Let vs haue a songe to refreth our mynd.

¶ Importuntye.

In that will I consent to you gladlie,
And to synge at all tymes I wyl be redye.

¶ The Songe.

Let the knaues take fede
If they Chyestes stocke will fede
What both them withstande
Or els they are lyke
Neuer to byt the prycke
With out god set to hys hande.

¶ For them we will prepare
Such a trappyng snare
To catche them in our gyn
As the Cat the mouse
Wyth in the large broade house
Where is roome inough wythin.

¶ If

The Story of kyng Darpus.

If they will not be ware
And take hede of our snare
They are lyke full ill to fare,
To tell it we will not spare
And who hereth we do not care
We will make them so bare
As euer was the hare.

¶ Impoꝛtuntye.

Now freind farewell no longer we maye
But apace away we must syde. (abyde

¶ Parcalytie.

Most lounge freind Iniquytie
God haue you in his custodie.

Impoꝛtunitie & Parcalytie go both out.

¶ Iniquytie.

Well now these knaues be gone
Now am I pooꝛe soule lefte alone
I may spt here and make my moue
I must nedes wepe
But yet my teares I must nedes kepe
I can not for shame let them come oute
If I do I shall dye without doubte
No no I will kepe them in with a cloute
Now I care not and I go my waye
I will no longer tary here I saye
Hey luypladdes, who can be moze meriete
I thynke inowe can be moze foryet
I lyue at myne owne pleasure
I haue enery thinge at my owne measure
To tary here I do not intende
But apace awaye I will wende
But shall I go, yea truly I will be gone,

D.

3

The Scoole of kynge Daryus.

I will say no longer by sweete S. Iohn
farewell my maysters I comynyt you to god all,
To saue you from the byting of the Lyon Ball.

¶ Enquity goeth out, & the kyngs two seruantes
center.

¶ Agreeable.

¶ Our labour in bayne haue we losse
for our Lord & kyng is not in this choise
¶ Preparatus.

I pray thee hartely be not angry
Because he is not in thys entry,
He will be hcre anque as I suppose
Surely my eyes do dysglose
If yonder I do not see hym comynge.

¶ Agreeable.

It shulde be hee by the noyse makynge
Thou hast made mee now very glad
Where before I was very sad
It is I suppose verely
Loe yonder come such a companie
Yonder he is with the Lordes of hys Chivalry.

¶ Preparatus

Let vs sayne some fable of olde
And to tell it the kyng be we bolde.
What was the cause we were here him before.

¶ Agreeable.

That will I do very gladiye
I consent to it with all the harte in my bodye.

¶ The kyng wyth hys Councell enter.

Lordes saue thy grace gentle kyng.

¶ Preparatus.

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

¶Preparatus.

We salute thee with much gretynge.

¶Kyng Darius.

What was the cause you came hether so quickly.

¶Ambo.

We had a lytle busines hetherward verely.

¶Kyng Daryus.

My Lordes seing hether we be come
We must consent to one thyng & see it be done.

¶Ambo consul:

What is it s^r that you do intende
To vs declare (I pray you) your mynde,
And fulfilled without doubt it shalbe.

¶Kyng Darius.

A feast wolde I gladly make
If the paynes with me you will take
I intend to haue here of strangers a company.

¶Perplexitie.

S^r it shalbe as you will
We are content your mynde to fulfill.

¶Curposytie.

I will do (o kyng) as mee shall behoue
And from your preceptes I will not moue.

¶Kyng Darius.

Then my seruantes come stand before mee
And herken to that whych I shall say to ye
Let all thynges be prepared quickly
Let all this be done without reinedy
See there lacke nothing when they be here
And let them not spare to eat of this our chere

¶Preparatus.

S^r it shalbe done as you haue comaunded me.

Ambo.

D.ii.

And

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

And from this your preceptes I will not flee,
¶ Agreeable.

In thys also will I consente
And will be redy to do youre commaundemente.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Well go forward and bynge them hether
And byd them all come together
Ohy Lords how thynke you it best.

¶ Perplexitie.

By that tyme syz your place will be increast.

¶ Curposytie.

Syz your preceptes are all iuste
you may do euen as you iuste.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Well syz go hence quyklye
And byd them come hether wyth ye.

¶ Anbo.

Syz it shalbe done as you haue sayde
your commaundymnt it shalbe obeyde.

¶ Preparatus & Agreeable go both oute.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Hy you and make much haste
And byd them come of our fare to taste
I suppose they wyll be here by and by.

¶ Anbo consulto.

ponder cometh a very greate companie.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Those be they as farre as I can deme
Are they not: how thynke you then
Well, if they do, welcaine shall they be,
I wolde be glad to see them in my companie
Come in syz and do not spare.

¶ Perplexitie.

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

CPerplexitie.

Come in why do you feare.

CCuriositie.

I warrant you, approche you nere.

CAethiopia, Percia, Iuda and Media enter.

CAethiopia.

God saue thy grace ientle kyng

I do salute thee with much gretynge.

CDeressa.

Iesu preferue thee alwaye

And saue thee from thy ennemies for ever & aye.

CIuda.

O sweete kyng, god saue thy grace,

And send thee myght thy ennemies to deface.

CMedia.

God geue thee of thy aduersaries the victorie,

And defend thee from all inalyce and enuye.

CKynge Daryus.

Welcome syrs of trueth you are

To thys our pooze and synple fare

But thanke god and prayse hys name

Whych to vs dyd send thys same.

CPerplexitie.

Syt downe and make no more a do

And eate that whych is set before you.

CCuriositie.

CThey syt downe all.

Come thanke the kyng for the meates here

And to eate of them do not you fere.

CMedia.

Syr we thanke you hartelye

To eate of the we will not spare I warrant you.

Dali,

CAethiopia.

The Storye of kyng Darius,

Aethiopia.

The kyng and you also thanke wee do
Whych to this banquet hath called vs to.

Percey.

For thys mooste hartp thanks we do you geue,
And pray to god that longe you may lyue.

Juda.

We reuerent thee with fauour great
For this thy foode and precyous meat.

Kyng Darius.

Well, eate and do not spare
But thanke the Lord for this his fare.

Omnes.

We thanke hym and you also.

Ambo consul:

Eate and make no more a do.

Omnes.

I warrant you, you nede not byd vs
Here will none be left if we eate thus.

Kyng Darius.

Care not for that I pray you hartely,
But to eate it I pray you do not spare you.

Juda.

They rise from meate.

God rewarde thee thre folde agayne
Whych thou hast here taken in payne.

Aethiopia.

God double thy goods more and more
And in thy nede sende thee great store.

Percey.

Of corne and Cattell hee will the increase
And to multiply thee hee will not cease.

Media.

Thyse double surely god will thee rewarde.

Seing

The Storye of kyng Darius.

Seyng to feede the poore thou hast had regard.

Curposytte.

Syz much good do it you all
Vppon the kyng be you bolde to call
If any thing you lacke that he hath in store
you shall haue it all other before.

Ckyng Darius.

yea, be bolde to call vpon mee
In wealth or two, or in your myserie
For nothyng of me you shall lacke trulle.

COnnes.

Syz we geue hartly thankes to you.

CJuda.

Wyll you be gone out of thys place
Come (I pray you) let vs go a pace.

CPercya.

We will be gone (hie and bye) very gladly.

CAethiopia.

Then let vs go, and make no more a do.

CMedia.

In that also will I consent to you.

COnnes.

God saue thy grace and send thee longe lyfe
And saue thee euer from all stryfe.

CAethiopia, Percya, Juda and Media
goe all out.

Ckyng Darius.

God prosper your iourney & send you good lucke
And from your ennempes all you plucke.

CCurposytte.

Nowde what do you now intende,

Wyll

The Storie of kyng Daryus.
Will you home to your owne Chaste wende.

CPerplexitie.

Syz it is best to be done so
And we together wyll go wyth you.

Ckyng Daryus.

I wyll go wyth you very gladly
With all the harte within my body.

CThey go out, & Iniquytie cometh in syngyng.

CIniquytie.

RI, soule, soule, fa, my, re, re.
I misse a note I dare well say
I shuld haue byn low when I was so hie
I shall haue it ryght anone verely
How now mayster, how fare you now
How do you synce I was laste with you?
Where are these knaues they come not away
I beleue I see them comyng theyr way

CImportunytie & Parcalptie enter.

Come away and be nought a while
O, surely I will you both desyle.

CParcalptie.

Gramercys my olde freinde Iniquytie.

CImportunytie.

What detraunce shal he how goeth the world

CIniquytie.

(With thee.

What John Coppersmith otherwile called the
I perceive by your communication (Butterlie
you sprang both of the foundation.

CImportunytie.

So that we did not by the blessed Crysttie.
CParcalptie.

The Storye of King Darpy.

CParalytie.

What doth he say (I pray thee tell mee.)

CImportuntrie.

He saith we came both of one issue
No brother, that did we not I tell you
Of no base stocke were we borne
Our fathers did neuer plowe corne,
They had moze better hyppinges then that
When other lacked, they were very fat.

CParalytie.

My father ywille was of a noble blood
And had great landes, with all other good
Cattell he had also, he was of such a fame
To tell thee a lye, surely I were to blame.

CIniquitie.

May, if you begyn of your fathers to boast
I will tel you wher my father dwelleth & in what
I thinke he came of as noble a blood (chose,
As yours, and yet neither of them good,
In Rome he dwelleth, that is his comon place,
Where all other bowe before hys face,
All Nations to hym do obaye
And neuer agayne hym a proude word dare saye
I warrant you hys Landes are very greate
He doth poule poore men & spueh by theyr sweat
He hath as much landes I warrant you
As lyeth betwene thys & southampton I tell you
Euery house that standeth betwene thys & that
Are his, by my trowth I say I care not what.

CImportuntrie.

Thy father is not to be compared to myne
Truly I wold I were of that kynne,

C.

3

The storie of kynge Daryus.

I wolde surely spend the clothes of my backe
Of that condicion I were of such another stocke.

C Parcalptie.

It is but a lye that he doth thee tell,
I warrant thee and that I can tell,
Thynkest thou he colde haue so much good
Withoute he hath powled Christian blood.

C Importunytie.

Why might he sayd he was the Pope.

C Parcalptie.

If he were here I wold hange him in a roope.

C Iniquytie.

Why dost thou my father despayse?
Gyt thee away, or I will thee desplease.

C Parcalptie.

Why thou sayest the Pope is thy father.

C Iniquytie.

So good as hee is thou wylt be neuer
All at his commaundement are
And agaynst not to moue they dare,
Tell me now how do you lye hym
You thynke I was but of a base kyn
Thou knowest he will byrge thee in awe
And yet by hym I do not let a strawe.

C Importunytie.

A good chyld in tye meane tyme thou arte.

C Iniquytie.

Custome, I let not by hym a farre,
But (I pray thee) who is that I see here
He hath now put me to great fere,
I will be gone, I wyl not tary here.

C Importunytie.

The Storye of kyng Darius.

CImporþuntye.

Say thou shalt not yet be gone
Let hym if he will in hether come.

A here entreaty Equyte.

CBarcypalyte.

Whyt it is he that was here before
We had thou shuldest come here no more.

CEquyte.

Wyll not yet this gerte be amended
Nor your synfull actes corrected,
O false people and ignorant secte
Whiche to god at all hath no respecte,
Will you forsake syns all at once
In number they are more then the hayle stones,
Except you repent in tyme with spede
God wyll you destroy in very dede,
In Ecclesiasticus this sentence is
That god hath the proud of no reputacyon thois
The lyke sentence is in the gosbell of saynt Luke
That god putteth the proude to great rebuke,
He scattereth them that are proude of harte
And in their pryde he will them peruarie
The apostle Peter doth also reposit (their part)
That god doth resist the proud, & will neuer take
he throughte downe also the prynces of a haughty mynd
And doth exalt the poore that be pure and kynd
In Genesis it is breidly declared
Of what mettell our body was made (presse)
It was made of donge, the same place dooth ex
Also of earth and ashes it was made doubtlesse
The bewty is but bayne of it.

C.ii.

CInsquyte.

The Story of kyng Daryus.

Iniquytie. (my spyt,
Sit thee away, or I wil thrust thee through w
But tell mee (I pray thee) what is thy name.

Egyptie.
Egyptie sy; is tye same.

Iniquytie.
Egyptie, then nere kynsmen we bee.

Egyptie.
I dysdayne to be acquainted with thee.

Iniquytie.
A horson dost thou dyspraise mee
That Proposition In, is a pestilent fellow
for it is that maketh this variance betwene me
My name is called Iniquytie, (a po
And thy name is called mayster Egyptie

Impertynytie.
If that thou suffre hym here to prate,
I will tary no longer within thys gate.

Parapalytie.
I wyll tary no longer with thee,
farewell my olde freind Iniquytie.

Iniquytie. **T**hey go both out.
Ah you horson knaves will you nedes go away
Take to o bygones with you by my fave,
But Com Parrow nose thou wylt not go.

Egyptie.
No, I will not yet go from you
I wolde some more of my bythren were here.

Iniquytie.
Thy bythren be in Newgate do not fere.

Egyptie.
O wyched detestacyon,

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

O wicked Imagination
O leaue your old fashyon
And flee from synne,
Call to Chryst
The Lord most hyst
To saue you from Antichryst
And hys pappsticali lyne.
Here I was of late
But you dyue me out of the gate
Through youre wyched crake
And euill waie,
Except you call for grace
And repent in space
And all your syns deface
God will you despoie.
I thinke I see
A great companie
Comyng toward this place,
I thinke god hath them leat
Thee to torment here entreth Con-
Before my face. Rancy & Charytie.
Welcome my brethzen both
Welcome I say forsooth
As much as harte can thynke.

¶ Iniquitie.

Now then I perceyue
I must take my leue
Or you will make me wyake,
When so many come
I must away ronne
That I must be this dyake.

¶ Conscience.

What is the matter

Call.

Call

The storie of King Marpos.

Tell mee good brother
Of thou farther goo.

¶ Charptie.

And eke to mee
Tell the verytie
What is the cause also.

¶ Iniquytie.

Shall I tell the matter
Two dysches maketh a platter,
But yet I wyll tary.

¶ Constancie.

Now thou doest me mocke
And also doest floute
Therefore gyt thee awaye
Of I wil set thee out of my cōpany
That I will (I say.)

(nie

¶ Equytie.

Brother Constancie
And eke brother Charptie
With mo he playeth vngreaciouly
And hath me almoste despyed
With his flattery
And his euill company
Also with hys enuy
Hath me begyled.

¶ Constancy.

We will fynde a remedy
For that cruell enuy
Or ener it be longe,
We will him so handle
Hee shall not be able
At vs to moue hys tonge.

¶ Charptie.

The Storye of kyng Darpus.

Charytie.

To that I consent also
And will do my parte with you
To dyue hym away.

Iniquitie.

Nay that you shall not
Peter turne up
Yet git me away,
Who shuld here remaine
But Iniquity (I tel thee playne)
For thee I will not hence,
But for thy pratyng
And great boystynge
I will thee recompence.

He ca:
Beth at
Contra
eye.
Haue here Tom
A pence of a bealle pan
Go carry it to thy mother,
Tell her that I saye

Thou shalt haue no more of me
And if thou wert my brother.

At Cha
rytye.
And here Ryck Candlepycke
Here is for thee a sygge

No better thyng I haue,
Thy mother go to tell
Thy sygge go to sell
Do so as god me saue.

Atequi
tye.
And here John Buddingmaker
Here is for thee a taper
With a payre of brades,
Thou shalt haue no better
Without thou wilt haue a fetter
To fetter on thy legges.

The Storie of kynge Daryus.

Of trueth now you may get you a packynge
Because that I gaue epyther of you such a thyng.
But tell me thys one thyng (I pray you hartelle)
What is the thyng you will geue to mee.

¶ Constancy.

Thou foole if thou thynke it good.
Holde thy peace and baste not thus of thy blood
The Scriptures to thee they dyd shewe
How thou shouldest fere god, and of him stand in
But thou doest here by thy riotous lyling (awe
By thy testing, thy sporting, & also thy mooryng
Floute and deryde Chrystyan folke.

¶ Iniquitie.

Why man it is yelowe.

¶ Constancie.

What is yelowe (I pray thee tell mee
For me thynke thou doest floute daylie.

¶ Iniquitie.

Why: you wold haue the yolke of an egge.

Constancie.

O thou false feinde
Thy lyfe amende
And god will thee sende
Hys mercy and grace
That thou mayest with loue
As it shall thee behoue
Syt in heauen aboue
Before hys glorious face.

¶ Equytie.

He doth here but mocke
And spyle Chyestes flocke
Full cruelly.

He dooth

The Story of kyng Barpus.

He doth deryde and scoerne
These þ were Christians bozne
Full greuously to see.

¶ Charytie.

By his cōmynication
He came of an ill foundacyon
I dare be bolde to saye.

¶ Iniquytie.

Thou pouchmouth knaue
Thou shalt strypes haue
If thou gyt thee not away.

¶ Equytie.

Thou foolysh fellow
Why doest thou dallye
And here vs blasphemme.

¶ Iniquytie.

Holde thy peace
thou shalt haue a messe of pease
Or els a dyshe of creamme.

¶ Constancy.

Wylt thou not yet
Leaue thy cruell spyte
And soore blasphemousnes.
Leue thy pryde
And do exceade
In doenge of goodnes.
I wyll declare to thee
Places of scripture manie
Befoze my brethren here
Lysten I pray thee
Intendynge to obay mee
Harke with thy eare.

f.

God

The Storye of kynge Darius.

God doth you abhore
All other before
Which worke so vnglaciously
Except you repent
And your syns lament
He will you dystroy.

¶ Charytte.

Spyt is true
you haue hym tolde,
To say thys before you
I will be bolde, (ment
More easye will it be consernyng punish-
To sodom & gouern in the day of iudgment
Then it will be for thee
To enter into heauen verelie
Therefore quickly amende
And say that thou hast waitynge.

¶ Iniquytie.

Thou knaue I thee despye
I let not by thee a flye
Therefore get thee away,
Or I wyll thee dysplease
Much agaynst thy ease
If thou longe do staye.

¶ Equytie.

I pray thee good fellow be content
And harken to my brothers intent.

¶ Iniquytie.

Why man, thou art my cosin I knowe thee

¶ Equytie.

(of olde.

Thou wert not best to be so bolde
To be acquainted with thee I dysdaine,

without

The Storie of kyng Daryus.

without to gods law thou wilt thy self go traine

Charitie.

Syr you speake well
Now somewhat wyll I tell
To conuert hym to god.

CIniquytie.

Nay by the roode.

Constancie.

O thou false Iniquytie
We must distroy thee
God hath put vs in mynde.

CIniquytie.

Nay but go you & leaue mee behynde.

Charitie.

I pray you a lytle
Let vs tell hym the tytle
Of Gods eternall grace.

Constancye.

Come freind and go
I can tary no longer with you.

CIniquytie.

No by the masse that I will not
fyrst I will lay thee on the cote
By gogs wounds haue at thy head
Defed it now & I wil geue the an egge.

Constancy.

Leaue thy swearynge
Thy mockyng thy tauntynge
And all thy other game,
God hath preparte
for those a rewarde
That do blasphemaine hys name.

f.ii.

The

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

The Prophet Zachary
Dyd see (I tell thee)
A booke in the ayre,
Twenty Cubyts length
Ten cubyts bredth
Bring for them prepared
That fallv do
Swear his neighbour unto
And doth not god regarde.
Mathew also doth say
Cursed be they alway
That swore by any thyng,
By hells or heauen ywysse
Because in the powre it is
Of that heauenly kynge.
At all thou shalt not swear
By thy head nor yet thy eare
But of god stand in feare.

Conquytie.

you do hym well instructe
To god hym to conducte
But all is in vayne,
Hys byttle nature
And his aunepent nature
Doth styll in hym remaine.

Charpytie.

Such a froward fellow
I do assure you
I dyd neuer seee,
Therefore I pray thee
Without any remedy
To God for mercy flee.

Conquytie.

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

Iniquytie.

Hence you horson knaues
I wold you were in your graues
Then shuld I be at reste,
To gyt mee away
Without any delay
I holde it best.
Farewell by my trouth
I must go to the south
To seeke my fortune,
Farewell agayne I say
I must go my way
My mother is within.

Constancy.

Nay softe I pray thee
Away thou shalt not flee
Tyll I haue tolde thee more,
Geue eare a while
And harken to the stile
That I dyd shew before.

Iniquytie.

I will not tarry
farewell gentle Mary
I comyt thee to god.

Charpytie.

Nay yet softe
Away thou shalt not haste
Tyll thou haue a harper rod.

Equytie.

Wylt thou not regard
The Lord nor hys reward
Nor hym obey at all,
For thy wickednes

I.iii.

And

The Storye of kynge Daryus,

And vngrecyousnes
Thou shalt haue a fall.

¶ Iniquytie.

Say that I will not for forty pence (hence
I had rather then my new nothing I were gon
We shall haue neuer a bone letter I suppose
If that I fall and bryake my nose,
I will kepe that ioynt while I haue it
Or els (by my trouth) I may go turne the spyt.

¶ Constancye.

Thou foolysh fellowe wylte thou not yet obaye
God the Lorde, and on hym staye
As my brethren befoze here haue declared
That there is a vengeance for thee prepared
For thy wyckednes
And deceptfulnes
Hell fyre is thynne.

¶ Iniquytie.

Say it is not myne
It is in the deuyls gouernment
Wytbout my admonyshment
I do not comaund him what he hath to do

¶ Constancye.

yet wilt thou not leaue
Poore men to deceyue
And spoyle Chyestes flocke,
Here thou doest them pull
And make them so dull
As euer was a blocke.
Leaue thy follye
Thou cruell ennemie
And flee from thy byre,

flee

The storye of kyng Daryas.

flee to god
And his iust rod
And leaue thy enterpryce.
God turne thy mynde
And saue thee from the feind,
Because thou wilt not amend
Thou shalt go hence
for thy offence
Thy follye to lamente.

Iniquytie.

May then I wil geue you no bread and butter
Here take some it will make thee to scutter
I will call my mother, let mee alone
Of trouth she wyll make thee to grone
Shee is such a pestilent woman
As is not hence to our Lady of Balan,
Shee will make thee repent that thou doest say
and make the for fere take thy heles & run away
Take heede how thou comest in her hande
If thou do thou shalt neuer come out of her bad.

Constancye.

Go gett thee awaye and make no moze a do
for if you wyll not, I will compell you.

Charytie.

you do well, Gods blessinge on your harte,
We wyll surely put hym to smarte.

Equytie.

That is ryght and iuste for to do.
In the whych dede I consent to you.

Here sombody must cast fyre to Iniquyte.

Constancye.

for thy wychednes thou shalt haue thys,

As

The Storye of kynge Daryus,
As thou hast deserued for thy doinges p^{ro}pyse
Gyt thee away and tary not here.

Iniquytie.

Nay I go to the deuill I fere. G^o goeth out.

Constancie.

Praised be god
That wyth hys rod
Whych is bryght,
Hath thys man dystroyed
And clene abhorred
In his malyce and spyte.

Equytie.

My harte is as glad
As though riches I had
That M^oda did possesse,
Both corne and fruyte
Nothing destytute
Of abundant excesse.

Charytie.

Prayse we god aboue
With feare and loue
Whych hath plucked him away
Let vs I praye you
Prayse hym and magnify
For euer and aye.

Constancie.

To that I consent
With my full intent
To laude the Lord,
Whych from errour hath
Us all saued
By hys precious word:

But god

The Songe of King Darpa.

But God will preserve
Them alway fro harme
That in hym do truste,
So that they will
Truste in hym still
And not in theyr feoward luf.
Let vs therefore synge
Joyfully it tunynge
Our Lord god to prayse,
Which doth his defende
And grace them sende
To walke in a godly way.

A Charytie.

To it I will consent
With my harte wholly bent
To synge to hym laude.

Equytie.

So will I gladlye
Synge woth you
To the prayse of god.

The Songe.

Synge wee together
Both now and euer
To praise the Lord & king,
Whiche hath vs saued
From the cruel hatred
And from his flatteryng.

And hath hym subuerted
And also tormentid
To his great payne,

The firste offeringe

Which was so euill
More wicked then the **Devill**
To flatter and dysdayne.

But now he is gone
Of hys wickednes **left none**
But it is flyt away cleane,
So is hys errour
Hys malyce and terrour
To hys dampnacron and payne.

Constancy. Let vs be gone out of **this place**.

Charytie. Come I pray you let vs go **a pace**.

Cequytie. Let it be so as you do say
And let vs go together away.

We will go come I pray you.

Constancye. We will go gladly wyth you.

Charytie. Come let vs go & make no more ado.

They go out & the kyng entred & sayd.

Myr Seruautes where be youe.
Come hether quickly to mee.

Ambro. At your comaundement we bee.

What is your will to saye vnto us.

Ckyng Darre. Go call my Lordes hether to mee.

Cequytie. **C**harytie.

The booke of King Darpus.

Congretable. *congretable*

It shalbe done as you haue sayd to mee.

Conparatus. *conparatus*

What so euer you do command mee
To do it euer wyl I diligent be.

King Darpus.

So then forth quickly & make no more
But bid them come in hast me into.

Ambro. *ambro*

My god haue you in his custody

Wee will go fetche them hether to you.

They go out. **A**nagnos & Optimates

Cencer.

Optimates.

O save thy grace gentle Kinge

I salute thee with much gretynge.

King Darpus.

This is the cause wherfore and why,

That I sent for you hether to mee.

Optimates.

What is the cause? (I pray you vs tell)

And if we can we will it fulfill.

King Darpus.

They that in my chamber me do kepe

Commed together whylke I was a slepe

At last I waking & verynge theyr inuolynge

How they talked theyr matter conserynge,

They styue amonge them selues together

Euery man to say a weyghier matter the the o-

And he that the best can speake

Without fraude or without dysceyte

Shalbe rewarded with much good

G. II.

With

The storie of kynge Daryus.

With cattayle also and with food
The wytynges they did deliuer to mee
That I might reade them ouer all thre
Reade it to your selfe I pray you.

Optimates.

Syr you say very well.

Anagnostes.

I will reade the wytynges to you without
Lysten I pray you hnto mee, (sayle
Then you shall know the efecte of them all thre
Whose sayenges is found the best and true
With great good kynge Daryus shall him indue
He shall haue the ornaments that here followe
And the other lese all throughe theyr great follye
He shall be endued with purple and golde
And with golden cuppes also not olde
A Charyot hee shall haue with golden wheles
The body therof made with steele
And next to kynge Daryus shall sit
For his Eloquence and goodly wyf,
He shall be the kynges samplier freinde
And shall sit by hym to his lyfe ende,
The sentence of the syrste man is thys
Wyne a very stronge thyng is,
The second also I will declare to you
That the kyng is stronger then any other thyng
The thyrde also I will declare (verely.
Women sayth hee) is the strongest of all
Though by women we had a fall.
Theyr myndes now I dyd you tell
But aboue all thynges truely doth most excell.

Kynge Daryus.

Now let them be called hether

Let

The Schoepe of kynge Darius.

Let them come in together
Come hys tary no longer there
But before vs do appere,
Tell by wouth the effecte of them
And to vs shewe of them the meane.

Stipator primus, Stipator secundus & Zorobabell
Center.

Commes.

Alue vir ornatissime!
S O kynge we salate thee.
O kynge Darius.

Declare your sentences here by mouth
As you haue shewed them by rote.

O Stipator primus.
O men is not wyne very stronge
It doth deceyue the very tonge.
Of it indeede somewhat I byd speake before
But now in my memozye I haue a lytle more.

O Anagnostes.
Well say what thou art able
But see that it be no vayne fable.

O Optimates,
Go foreward in your matter and do it tell.
O kynge Darius.
Gods blessing on youre hart you say very well,
Tell us now what thou hast to say.

O Stipator primus.
The vnderstandyng it taketh away
And maketh him carelesse and mery (I saye)
No heauyness at all it maketh hym remember
That dzyrketh it, (I do not dyssemble,)
It maketh a man to thynke also

G.iii.

That

The storye of kyng Darpus.

That the thing which he goeth aboute to do
Is good and honest, whereas it is not so
He neuer hath memory of any thinge
It maketh him forgett that he is a kyng
Nor that he doth gouerne or is in authoryte
And hath all thynges in hys custodie
And when they are together drynke
They do not remeber amity nor any other thing
But as soone as dronken they are
To sleape they freind they do not spare (to the
Out they draw theyr sword they care not where
Thus wyne maketh men to haue a small wye
And when from the wyne they are layd downe
They can not tell afore what they had done,
Judge now, is not wyne the strongest
Which maketh men vnbryttie and vnbonest
Hath it not a very great strengthe
That causeth these to be done at lengthe.

¶ Kyng Darpus.

Well now holde thy tongue (I pray thee.)
Let the nexte tell his tale to mee.

¶ Inagnotes.

Do as the kyng hath thee commaunded.

¶ Optimates.

Let it be so as they haue thee byd.

¶ Sitpator, Secūdus.

I did to you declare
And now I will not spare
To tell my matter to you,
The kyng is very stronge
And all are in hys hande,
That in hys realme continueth

The Storye of kyng Darpus.

All do hym obaye
Without any delaye
That dwell in hys Chokes
He hath. And yes greate
Come, cattaple and meate
And eke haboundant hostes.
How say you, is not he the strongest
which doth conquer, & gouerne both man & beast
The Land the Sea and euery other thyng:
The strongest is verely the kyng,
for he hath domynion ouer them all
Both man and beaste are at hys call,
And what he comaundeth that is done
If he send them to war. they are quickly gone,
They breake downe hils and towres
And lay also hys powers!
They them selues are slayne also
Beyond hys worde they dare not go,
If that they get the victorie
They bringe it to the kyng by and by.
And whethere they that tyll the grounde
When they it reap, they bring it to the king round
Tribute to the kyng they restore,
All to hym they bringe both lesse and more,
If he byd them go to byll
They go aboute it with a good wyll,
If he comaunde them to forgeue
They do it, and they care releue,
If he byd them go and synke
They go aboute it, and care not where they synke,
If he comaund them to dryue away
They do it without delaye.

If

The Story of King Darius.

If hee com nauind them for to buyld
They do it, and there labour to hym yelde.
If he do byd them for to breake
They do it, and that with much toweake.
If to plante he do commaunde them:
They go aboute it lyke obedyent men.
The comon people and rulers also
Are obedyent to hym wher so euer they go,
And the kyng sitteth downe in the meane while
Eatynge and drynkyng; and takynge hys wylle,
All to the kyng must obaye
And leaue hys owne busynes vndone alwaye.
Judge, is not the kyng the strongest now?

¶ King Darius.

Now tell thy tales vnto
Stand together you two asyde
For of your pourpose you are both wyde.

¶ Anagnostes.

Declare to vs I pray you now.

¶ Optimates.

In your two sentences there is no effecte
To them at all we haue no respecte.

¶ Zorobabel.

The kyng is myghty and vehement
And wine also well spent,
Yet of a woman I take in hande
And in thys sentence my sayth shall stande.
It is not the kyng with hys myghty hoste
That ruleth and gouerneth in every Cytte
Nor it is not wyne that doth excell
But to you the trueth I will tell
A woman I suppose it is
That

The Story of kyng Daryus.

That ouer these hath domynion ywysse
Hath not the woman bozne the kynge
And eke euery naturall thyng
Hath not women brought them by all
The Wyneyardes wheron wyne dooth fall
They make garmentes for all creatures
So that they be of humayne statures
These can not come without women
Therfore the honour we must geue to them
If they possesse syluer or precyous golde
They hartes are soone very colde
If they see a woman wel fauoured
They forsake theyr golde & they haue gathered
And theyr eyes are bent vpon
Theyr harte and mynde on that woman
And haue more loue her vnto
Then to theyr golde it is true
He leaueth his father that brought hym by
Hys mother also that gaue hym sucke
He forsaketh also his country natyue
With that woman all his lyfe to lyue,
With the woman also he leberdith his lyfe
He regardeth neither father nor mother, & also
By this then nedes must you know (his wife,
That women haue domynion ouer you.
Dooth it greue you that I do tell ye
Well, well, it shall not greue mee
A man his sworde out dooth take
To go and scale he is not slacke
To robbe and to sayle vppon the Sea
To murther and kyll he is prompte alway
And when he hath stolen and also robbed

H.

He

The Storye of kynge Daryus.

He byngeth to hys Lemon with a good corage
Agayne a man loueth hys wyfe
Better then he dyd his parentes in hys lyfe
Many one in earth there is
That loueth his wyfe wondrous well pwise,
Out of theyr wyts also they do run
And bond slaues for their wines sake are become
Perished also many haue
And are become Sathans bond slaue
Many also are fallen into syn
And all thzough the cause of women,
Beleue me now if you wyll
your myndes I will by and by fulfill
I know a kynge whych is great in powre
And all lands stand in dread of him at this houre,
No man vpon hym dare lay hand
Nor at any tyme may hym withstand
yet did I see with mine owne eyes
Upon the daughter of kynge Bartacus
The kynges Concubyne she was trulye
Of the kynges ryght hand she sat I tell ye
And the crowne from his head tooke
And on her head dyd it pte,
And with her left hand hym stricke
Howeuer the kyng looked vpon her
And durst say nothing (he was in such fere,
If shee laughed vpon him, he also dyd laughe
But if she at him waxed wrothe
The kyng was fayne her for to flatter (fauour,
And speke her fayre til he had gotten againe her
O ye men, is not women the greatest of myghter
O thou earth thou art very great

The

The Story of kyng Daryus.

The heauen hye with all,
Thou canst worke these preaty feates
That doth contracte them all.
Swyfte is the course of the Sunne
The moone the starres also,
Whych in the day theyr course do runne
Wyth Planets other mo.
He fetcheth his course rounde aboute
The compas of one day,
The starres, the moone, and eke the night
Theyr compasse do not staye.
He then is very excelente
That causeth thys to be done,
Whych setteth aboute the firmament
Wthin his holy throne.
But great is the trueth and of good effect
And to þ we must haue a diligent respect
The earth doth tremble & quake at it whis
And no vngodly thyng in it founde is,
Wyne is an vnrpyghteous thyng,
Unrpghteous also is the kyng,
Women are become vnrpyghteous also
And no goodnes at all can they do,
The chyldren of god are vnrpyghteous all
As well the great as is the small,
The workes also that they go aboute
Is vnrpyghteous without any doubt,
In that vnrpyghteousnes they shall decaye
And perishe also, (it is true that I saye,)
In the effecte of that is no vnrpyghteous thyng
No cratte, no polycy, noz no lesyng,
Therefore let vs clayme it for our oþne

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

And let it depely in vs be sowne,
Blessed be thou the god of trueth
Let thy trueth be in euery mans mouth.

¶ Optimates.

O it is a great trueth that thou hast vs tolde
To aske of the kyng what thou wilt be & holde
Thy sentence is great and very curyeus
And to vs at all it is not greuous.

¶ Anagnostes.

Aske thy rewarde now I pray thee
And thou shalt haue it geuen to thee.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Thou hast won of these the byctoyre
Thou shalt haue it rewarded to thee
Aske what thou wilt I wil thee it geue
a thou shalt be my freind as long as thou doest (Izue,
Thou shalt be my samplier freind
And lyue with me to thy lyues ende,
Besydes these that are wyttten here,
Thou shalt be contentyd for thy s gere.

¶ Zorobabell.

Remember now thy promyse
Made to mee of late,
Let it now fulfilled bee
In reasonable rate.
Whych thou promysed vnto mee
When thou camest into thy kingdome
Lord let that now graunted bee
With reasonable fredome.
Ierusalem thou dydst promyse
To buylde vp euery whyt,
And all that therein were amysse

Restore

The Storye of kynge Darius.

Restore agayne to it.

Send agayne the Vessels all

The Fuels that were taken,

As well the greate as eke the small

Which were cruelly taken.

Of Cyrus also seperated

When in Babylon he offered (gaue

Thy mind was to build the Temple a

which the Edomites bent wout faile

When Ierusalem was peruerbed

And greuously tormented

And of the Cauldres delected

That kynge I do desire

And with my whole harte do it requyre

Performe thy bowe therfore

Whych thou hast promysed heretofore.

¶ Kynge Darius.

I prayse thee wonderous well

thou shalt haue that which before I did thee

¶ Zorobabell.

(tell.

Now syr we must departe awayne

God haue you all in his custodie I saye.

Stipator primus, Stipator secundus & Zorobabell

¶ Kynge Darius.

go out.

God prosper your iourney & send you good sue

And saue you fro your ennemies harpyles (ceg

Do you intend to tary here.

¶ Optimates.

What is your will to do

I pray you tell it vs vnto.

¶ Anagnostes.

Gladly syr wolde wee go awayne,

H.iii.

Co

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

Totary here wee will not Delaye.

¶ Kyng Daryus.

Come then let vs go hence (I pray you.)

¶ Anbo.

We are content so to do.

¶ Here they go on, and then entreteth Con-
stancy sayeng as it were a Sublocutio.

S Du haue harde here good people of late
Of thre yonge men, their sayengs by rote
by mouth they did resite I think you haue hard
How the flaterers were cruelly abhord (ywis
Two there were Stipators they may be called
They wēt about by flattery, but yet they did mis
But Constancy is a thyng mooste suer
In it nothyng vncleane, but all very puer,
The thynde Zorobabell by name,
Dyd remaine in constancye and kepe the same,
The sayenge I suppose you do vnderstand
yet to shewe you agayne I will take in hand
The one declareth the strength of wyne,
How it doth deceyue the frealty of the brayne.
The second also dooth expresse
That the kyng had the most strength doubtflesse
But wicked men they be, and also flaterers
They may wel ynough be called Stipators.
Then the thynde the trueth to tell dyd begyn
The vctory of them all he dyd wyne,
He remaind in Constancye and was still wyse
As for flattery styll he dyd dyspse,
Thus haue you harde the effecte of all
How that for theyr lyes they haue got a fall.

¶ Here entreteth Equity & Charity.

Pray

The storie of kynge Daryus.

Pray we to god the Lord of myght
That he wold send Downe his cleare spght
To Queene Elizabeth & send her his worde
That from her ennemys she may be reskorde,
Let vs also pray that shee longe may lue,
And that to her subiectes true precepts she may
Equity & Charpty. (gyue.)

for the Councillours also let vs pray
That in the true sayth directe them he may,
And that also grace he wolde them geue
To geue counsell wysely wile in earth they lue.
(Amen.)

The Songe.

Let the trueth, let the trueth
Be in every mans mouth
Both yonge and olde,
Let hym be bolde
With trueth to holde,

Leaste they perpysh
Lyke Hogges swoynys
And vtterly decaye.

Then he shalbe sure
Longe to endure
Abrode in earth
And from the dearth
God will kepe hys harte
Also from punysshment
And from cruell iudgement
For euer and for aye.

The Storpe of kyng Darpus.

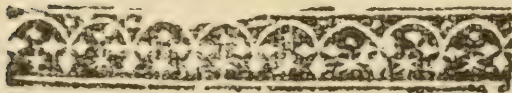
In Constancye remaine
Let no venome you stayne
But flee it quyte
And the ryght way hyt
Spurne not agaynst the prycke
But be humble and meke
And for grace seke
To the luyng god I saye.

¶ finis.

John
S. D.



Evangeliſt.

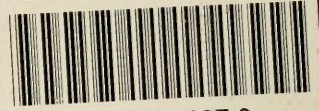


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